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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Military Operations at Cabul, &c.; with a Journal of Imprisonment in Afghanistan. By Lieut. Vincent Eyre, Bengal Artillery, &c. 2d edit., pp. 330. London, J. Murray.

Scenes and Adventures in Afghanistan. By W. Taylor, late Troop Sergeant-Major of the 4th Light Dragoons. Pp. 239. London, T. C. Newby; T. and W. Boone.

We intimated, a few weeks since, our expectation of no inconsiderable influx to our employment in the review of works connected with India, Afghanistan, and China. Proofs accumulate, and many more remain behind.

The first of these volumes has created, and continues to create, a great sensation. Owing to fortuitous circumstances, we did not notice it so promptly as is our wont; and we now congratulate ourselves on the accident, because the view we are inclined to take of it differs much from any we have seen from such of our contemporaries as have been at the trouble to do more than skim the narrative, or quote its striking passages, without affording the whole the benefit of their careful examination and consideration.

Lieut. Eyre is a very intelligent and gallant officer; and his talents have, in our judgment, betrayed him into a very unseemly position as regards his superior officers, and the service to which he belongs. We regret to say so of one who has fought so well and suffered so much; *sed magis amicus veritas*. An old adage has it, "We love the treason, but abhor the traitor;" and in the present instance, though in a far less forcible degree, and consequently far less forcible language, we would express ourselves, "we are deeply interested in the writing, but condemn the writer."

It is not within our province to offer an opinion upon any of the disastrous events which marked, in misery and blood, the operations in Cabul, which are the theme of Lieut. Eyre's distressing story. Their actors are under the constitutional trial appointed for them by the laws of their country; and the memories of the dead and the fame of the living—of the dead who fell, gloriously or ingloriously, in the fatal struggle, and of the survivors who escaped with nothing but life, and such honour as a court of inquiry may allow them—are yet in the balance of high and impartial justice. It was therefore, we think, indecent in any one to rush into print, and prejudice their cause; and still more so in one of their comrades. In a subaltern, however clever, we farther hold that it shews presumption, and is as contrary to the spirit of military discipline as of brotherly fellowship. We do not believe that any officer, however elevated in rank, is competent to decide authoritatively on any act and action in a campaign in which he has been individually engaged; and we are sure that none of the rank of a lieutenant could have access to a knowledge of the considerations, councils, or motives which led to the courses he takes upon him to censure in such unmeasured terms.

In a prefatory Notice by the editor (a brother, as we understand, of the author), a lame apology, as it appears to us, is offered, for what

has been done. He says: "There is a point connected with its publication *now*, which must not be thought to have been disregarded from any anxiety that this account should be the first:—it is, the question whether it should have been withheld until the result of the inquiry now pending in India should be known. It is considered that sufficient delay has been already incurred to insure this end, and that all such investigations will have been closed before a copy of this book can find its way to India. The journal is therefore at once printed as it came, in concurrence with the writer's own idea, that it cannot fail to interest the British public."

Now, the fallacy of this excuse is evident. In the first place, the rapid intercommunication between England and India is such, that we would undertake to assert, the legal investigation of the Cabul disasters, involving the characters of Lieut. Eyre's companions in arms, is not likely to be concluded before his volume is read in every presidency from Cape Comorin to the Indus. But suppose it were not so, we would ask, is it nothing to prejudice the mind of the entire British people at home? and long before they could learn the result, impress them with a private and unfavourable judgment. We feel assured that Lieut. Eyre stated nothing which he did not believe to be the truth; but what would his relatives or friends have said, had Ensign Rose,* for instance, published such a book as this, and himself or his own gallant brother, Major Eyre, had been among the slain, and all their posthumous glory had depended on a rigid inquiry?

"Never (says Lieut. Eyre) were troops exposed to greater hardships and dangers: yet, sad to say, never did soldiers shed their blood with less beneficial result than during the investment of the British lines at Cabul. While, therefore, justice is done to the memory of the dead, and those, who encountered a thousand perils in the brave and skilful performance of their duty, must be held up to that honour which is their due—while the tear of pity may well be shed at their untimely fate—the blame and discredited also must be *theirs*, who rendered nugatory all the obligations of blood that were offered, all the advantages that were gained, and finally involved a still formidable force in ruin and disgrace."

Aye, verily a fine sentiment. But who made the writer, as far as he could be, the premature arbiter of their fate? Had he no doubts of his own perfect competency? had he no compunctions for the pain, if not the injury, his accusations must inflict? It is a mighty responsibility to have incurred: to publish to the world an *à priori* condemnation of his superiors; at all events, wounding the most sacred feelings of those who mourn the loss of their dearest hopes—of the dead, too, who are beyond an answer to the charges of any assailant!

But even now it may, in common fairness and decency, be observed, that the accused are before a challengeable tribunal in Lieut. Eyre.

* Deservedly described in these pages, together with his commanding-officer, the brave Sir H. Pottinger, as greatly distinguishing themselves at Nigrow, under dreadfully trying circumstances.

They could only form opinions on the premonitory signs of the coming tempest: he scrutinises their conduct after time has realised the history of the tempest past. He blames them *in toto*; and yet, on his own shewing, it is evident that event after event took place, out of which different consequences arose; and that if proper measures had been adopted as these occurred, there would have been no failure, and very slight calamity. Thus, at the outbreak, we are told that all pregnant warnings which ought to have been attended to, were despised or neglected, and so we were irretrievably ruined; but "the manifest superiority of the Bala Hissar as a military position, led to the early discussion of the expediency of abandoning the cantonment and consolidating our forces in the above-mentioned stronghold. The envoy himself was, from the first, greatly in favour of this move, until overruled by the many objections urged against it by the military authorities, to which, as will be seen by a letter from him presently quoted, he learned by degrees to attach some weight himself; but to the very last it was a measure that had many advocates; and I venture to state my own firm belief, that had we at this time moved into the Bala Hissar, Cabul would have been still in our possession."

Here, then, was one retrievable point, and after several others; but, again, "A kingdom has been lost—an army slain;—and surely, if I can shew that, *had we been but true to ourselves, and had vigorous measures been adopted, the result might have been widely different*, I shall have written an instructive lesson to rulers and subjects, to generals and armies, and shall not have incurred in vain the disapprobation of the self-interested or the proud. It is notorious that the 44th foot had been for a long time previous to these occurrences in a state of woful deterioration. I firmly believe that in this, and in every other respect, they stood alone as a regiment of that noble army whose glorious deeds in all quarters of the globe have formed, with those of the British navy, the foundation of our national pride, and have supplied for ages to come a theme of wonder and admiration. The regiment in question fell a prey to a vital disease, which the Horse Guards alone could have remedied, and which is now beyond the reach of proper investigation." The quotation to the last word in italics is sufficient for our present argument; but we have copied it to the end, for the sake of the poor wounded rank and file saved out of this denounced and devoted 44th regiment.

Asserting his correctness, the author in his preface tells us,—"In these notes I have been careful to state only what I know to be undeniable facts. I have set down nothing on mere hearsay evidence, nor any thing which cannot be attested by living witnesses, or by existing documentary evidence."

Yet, in the face of this declaration, he acknowledges hearsay evidence (certainly of eminent men) from Major Pottinger, Captain Colin Mackenzie, Captain Laurence, and Captain Troup; and after his departure from the retreating army as a prisoner, with the ladies

and a few other officers, describe all the motions and casualties of the force with as much minuteness as if he had continued to be an eye-witness. Nor is this all. A note by the editor to this the 2d edition, already corrects allegations which have been discovered to be mistaken.

"I have (he remarks) received information from very high authority, which makes it incumbent on me, in candour, to append this note to a second edition; and I am sorry it was not in time to appear also in the first. I flatter myself that the general tone of this work will prove sufficiently that any supposed misstatement therein will have been made most unintentionally, and on authority which must have appeared to the author very sufficient. In his absence I cannot do less than append the following observations, which are furnished me to qualify the passages of the text alluded to:—

"P. 5. With reference to the alleged neglect to send a force against the Nijrow chiefs, I am assured that the envoy pressed this measure upon the general, but he refused the troops. P. 16. I am assured that Lord Auckland never knew, until after the insurrection, that the pay of the Giljeys had been stopped, and that the measure originated with the envoy. P. 28. Lastly, I am authorised to say that it is not correctly stated that Lord Auckland did not receive General Elphinstone's resignation as soon as the general wished; that the general joined the force in April; and in September Lord Auckland received his medical certificate, and wrote to him by the first mail to beg of him to give up the command to the next in order, until a successor could be found."

"While readily giving insertion to any counter-statements so conveyed to me as to guarantee their accuracy, I must be allowed, on my brother's part, to express an opinion that, being on terms of intimate friendship with General Elphinstone, he must have had no less authority than the general's information for making at least that statement last referred to; but I am sure he would regret to be the means of propagating anything not strictly true, from whatever source derived."

Good! But our dear old friend, Gen. Elphinstone is described by the author himself as so worn out by severe disease, that his mind was quite prostrated: this is, however, a hearsay point, of but little consequence to the main and general issue.

Throughout the afflicting narrative it seems to us as if Lieut. Eyre was invariably right, and nearly all others repeatedly wrong. A few extracts may illustrate this:—

Nov. 5. *Storming of M. Shereef's fort.*—"Observing this disposition among the troops, and feeling the importance of checking the triumph of the enemy in its infancy, I strenuously urged the general to send out a party to capture Mahomed Shereef's fort by blowing open the gate, and volunteered myself to keep the road clear from any sudden advance of cavalry with two H. A. guns, under cover of whose fire the storming party could advance along the road, protected from the fire of the fort by a low wall, which lined the road the whole way. The general agreed; a storming party under Major Swayne, 5th H. I., was ordered; the powder-bags were got ready; and at about 12 mid-day we issued from the western gate: the guns led the way, and were brought into action under the partial cover of some trees, within one hundred yards of the fort. For the space of twenty minutes the artillery continued to work the guns under an excessively sharp fire from

the walls of the fort; but Major Swayne, instead of rushing forward with his men, as had been agreed, had in the mean time remained stationary under cover of the wall by the road-side. The general, who was watching our proceedings from the gateway, observing that the gun ammunition was running short, and that the troops had failed to take advantage of the best opportunity for advancing, recalled us into cantonments: thus the enemy enjoyed their triumph undiminished; and great was the rage of the Sepoys of the 37th N. I., who had evinced the utmost eagerness to be led out, at this disappointment of their hopes. It must be acknowledged that the general was singularly unfortunate in many of the coadjutors about him, who, with all the zeal and courage which distinguish British officers, were sadly lacking in that military judgment and quicksightedness which are essential to success in a critical moment."

Next day: "Learning that there was a large opening in the wall in the north side of the garden, I took a six-pounder gun thither, and fired several rounds of grape and shrapnell upon parties of the enemy assembled within under the trees, which speedily drove them out; and had a detachment of infantry taken advantage of the opportunity thus afforded to throw themselves into the building at the principal entrance by the road-side, the place might have been easily carried permanently."

"Nov. 10. Henceforward Brigadier Shelton bore a conspicuous part in the drama upon the issue of which so much depended. He had, however, from the very first, seemed to despair of the force being able to hold out the winter at Cabul, and strenuously advocated an immediate retreat to Jellalabad. This sort of despondency proved, unhappily, very infectious. It soon spread its baneful influence among the officers, and was by them communicated to the soldiery. The number of *croakers* in garrison became perfectly frightful, lugubrious looks and dismal prophecies being encountered every where."

About the movement into the Bala Hissar, it is elsewhere repeated:—

"Our troops, once collected in the Bala Hissar, could have been spared for offensive operations against the city and the neighbouring forts, by which means plenty of food and forage would in all probability have been readily procured, while the commanding nature of the position would have caused the enemy to despair of driving us out, and a large party would probably have been ere long formed in our favour. Such were the chief arguments employed on either side; but Brigadier Shelton having firmly set his face against the movement from the first moment of its proposition, all serious idea of it was gradually abandoned, though it continued to the very last a subject of common discussion."

Another proposition is entertained to attack Mahomed Khan's fort:—

"The envoy declared his opinion that the moral effect derived from its possession would be more likely to create a diversion in our favour than any other blow we could strike, as the Afghans had always attached great importance to its occupation. These considerations had decided the general in favour of making the attempt this very night, by blowing open the gate, and a storming party was actually warned for the duty, when Lieut. Sturt, the engineer-officer, raising some sudden objection, the plan was given up, and never afterwards resumed by the military."

An attempt to take the village of Beymaroo,

so necessary for the supply of forage and provisions, offers another specimen of the misconduct to which the author attributes the final catastrophe:

"In order to protect the horses, I drew up the gun near the fort of Zoolfa Khan, under the walls of which they had shelter; but for the gun itself no other position could be found than in the open field, where it was exposed to the full fire of the enemy posted in the village and behind the neighbouring walls. The Mountain-train gun was also with me, and both did some execution among the people on the summit of the hill, though to little purpose. Major Swayne, whose orders were to storm the village, would neither go forward nor retire; but, concealing his men under the cover of some low wall, he all day long maintained an useless fire on the houses of Beymaroo, without the slightest satisfactory result. The cavalry were drawn up in rear of the gun on the open plain, as a conspicuous mark for the Kohistanes, and where, as there was nothing for them to do, they accordingly did nothing. Thus we remained for five or six hours, during which time the artillery stood exposed to the deliberate aim of the numerous marksmen who occupied the village and its immediate vicinity, whose bullets continually sang in our ears, often striking the gun, and grazing the ground on which we stood."

"In this miserable and disastrous affair no less than six great errors must present themselves, even to the most unpractised military eye, each of which contributed in no slight degree to the defeat of our troops, opposed as they were by overwhelming numbers. 1st. The first and perhaps most fatal mistake of all was the taking out a *single* gun. * * * The second error is scarcely less evident than the first. Had immediate advantage been taken of the panic which our unexpected cannonade created among the possessors of the village,—whose slack fire afforded sufficient evidence of the actual fact, that they were not only contemptible in numbers, but short of ammunition,—had, I say, a storming party been led to the attack under cover of the darkness, which would have nullified the advantage they possessed in being under cover, the place must inevitably have fallen into our hands, and thus would the principal object of the sally have been gained, and a good line of retreat secured for our troops in case of necessity. 3d. The third error was so manifest as to be quite unaccountable. A party of 100 sappers had accompanied the force for the express purpose of raising a *sunga*. The fittest place for such a work would have been half-way along the ridge occupied by us, where our troops would then have been wholly protected from the fire of the jezails from the opposite hill, while the enemy could not have advanced to the attack without exposing themselves to the full effects of our musketry and grape. It would, in fact, have infused into our troops a sense of security from any sudden charge of the enemy's horse, and at the same time have enabled our own cavalry to issue forth with the assurance of having in their rear a place of defence, on which to fall back, if hard pressed by the enemy. It has been seen that no such defence was raised. 4th. All have heard of the British squares at Waterloo, which defied the repeated desperate onsets of Napoleon's choicest cavalry. At Beymaroo we formed squares to resist the distant fire of infantry, thus presenting a solid mass against the aim of perhaps the best marksmen in the world, the said squares being securely perched on the summit of a steep and narrow ridge, up which no cavalry could charge with effect. A Peninsular general would

consider this to be a novel fashion; yet Brigadier Shelton had the benefit of Peninsular experience in his younger days, and, it must be owned, was never surpassed in dauntless bravery. 5th. Our cavalry, instead of being found upon the plain, where they might have been useful in protecting our line of communications with the cantonnements, and would have been able to advance readily to any point where their services might have been required, were hemmed in between two infantry squares, and exposed for several hours to a destructive fire from the enemy's juzzails, on ground where, even under the most favourable circumstances, they could not have acted with effect. This false and unsatisfactory position of course discouraged the troopers; and, when the infantry finally gave way, the two arms of the service became mixed up in a way that greatly increased the general confusion, and rendered it impossible for the infantry to rally, even had they been so disposed. The truth is, that the cavalry were not allowed fair play, and such a position must have disgusted and dispirited any troops. 6th. Shortly after our regaining possession of the gun, one of the brigadier's staff, Capt. Mackenzie, feeling convinced that, from the temper of the troops, and from the impossibility of rectifying the false position in which the force was placed, not only was success beyond hope, but that defeat in its most disastrous shape was fast approaching, proposed to the brigadier to endeavour to effect a retreat, while it was yet in his power to do so with comparative impunity. His reply was, 'Oh, no! we will hold the hill some time longer.' At that time, even if the slaughter of the soldiery, the loss of officers, the evident panic in our ranks, and the worse than false nature of our position, had not been sufficient to open all eyes as to the impossibility even of partial success (for the real object of the expedition, viz. the possession of the village of Beymaroo, had been, as it were, abandoned from the very first), the weakness and exhaustion of both men and horses, who were not only worn out by bodily fatigue, but suffering grievously from extreme thirst and the debility attendant on long fasting, ought to have banished all idea of further delaying a movement, in which alone lay the slightest chance of preserving to their country lives, by the eventual sacrifice of which not even the only solace to the soldier in the hour of misfortune, the consciousness of unimpaired honour, was likely to be gained.'

Two pages on, about an absolutely necessary bridge:—"But madness was equally apparent in all that was done or left undone: even this simple precaution was neglected, and the result will be seen in the sequel."

Finally:—"In taking a retrospective view of those unprecedented occurrences, it is evident that our reverses may be mainly attributed to a lack of ordinary foresight and penetration on the part of the chief military and civil authorities on their first entering on the occupation of this country; a country whose innumerable fortified strongholds and difficult mountain-passes, in the hands of a proud and warlike population, never really subdued nor reconciled to our rule, though unable to oppose the march of a disciplined army through their land, ought to have induced a more than common degree of vigilance and circumspection in making adequate provision against any such popular outbreak as might have been anticipated, and had actually occur. But, instead of applying his undeniable talents to the completion of that conquest which gained him an illustrious title and a wide renown, Lord Keane

contented himself with the superficial success which attended his progress through a country hitherto untraversed by a European army since the classic days of Alexander the Great; he hurried off, with too great eagerness, to enjoy the applause which awaited him in England, and left to his successors the far more arduous task of securing in their grasp the unwieldy prize of which he had obtained the nominal possession."

Upon these extracts we beg to observe, that they may be perfectly well founded, or the reverse—we are no critics of military operations; but, as common sense would suggest, they almost prove too much,—that every body was wrong except Lieut. Eyre; in short, that utter incapacity, little short of "madness," ruled the hour on nearly all occasions.

The horrors of the retreat have been so hackneyed in every periodical publication, that we will not go into any repetition. One touch even before they start will suffice.

"Forage had for many days been so scarce, that the horses and cattle were kept alive by paring off the bark of trees, and by eating their own dung over and over again, which was regularly collected and spread before them. The camp-followers were destitute of other food than the flesh of animals which expired daily from starvation and cold."

Jellalabad redeemed Cabul; and when Akber Khan, the personal murderer of the envoy, at a very late period understood his position, we are told:—

"In the course of conversation with Major Pottinger, the sirdar asked him whether he would take his oath that he had never written any thing to Jellalabad, but what had come to his (the sirdar's) knowledge. The major maintained a significant silence; but shortly afterwards, having occasion to remark that, if the treaty had been fulfilled, not a British soldier would now have remained in Afghanistan, the sirdar emphatically asked him, if he would swear to the truth of what he uttered; to which the major readily consenting, the sirdar seemed now for the first time to believe what he had before utterly discredited, and looked around upon his followers with an expression of face which seemed to say, 'What a miserable fool then have I been!'"

Fool or assassin, or both, as he was a most infamous betrayer and remorseless villain, we confess we have been astounded by some of Lieut. Eyre's notices of him. The continued trust in his faithless promises appears to us to be about the greatest madness committed. Lieut. Eyre does not seem aware of this; for when the females were surrendered, he says:—

"But whatever may have been the secret intent of Akber's heart, he was at this time our professed friend and ally, having undertaken to escort the whole force to Jellalabad in safety. Whatever suspicions, therefore, have been entertained of his hypocrisy, it was not in the character of an enemy that he gained possession of the married families; on the contrary, he stood pledged for their safe escort to Jellalabad, no less than for that of the army to which they belonged; and by their unwarrantable detention as prisoners, no less than by the treacherous massacre of the force, he broke the universal law of nations, and was guilty of an unpardonable breach of faith." Long after this, i. e. page 276, we read: "Mahomed Akber, with the liberality which always marks the really brave, invariably attributes his own defeat to the fortune of war, and loudly extols the bravery exhibited by our troops led on by the gallant Sale."

The context:—"Of Mahomed Akber Khan I have been told, from an authentic source, that, on the morning of the departure of the army from Cabul on the 6th of January, he and Sultan Jan made their appearance booted and spurred before the assembly of chiefs, and being asked by Nuwab Zeman Shah where they were going, Mahomed Akber replied, 'I am going to slay all the Feringhee dogs, to be sure.' Again: on the passage of our troops through the Khoord-Cabul pass on the 8th, he followed with some chiefs in the rear, and in the same breath called to the Giljies in Persian to desist from, and in Pushtoo, to continue, firing. This explains the whole mystery of the massacre, and clears up every doubt regarding Mahomed Akber's treachery." Yet the sirdar "has many good points, and, but for one act, would be more worthy of clemency than the chiefs at whose instigation he did every thing, and who would fain make him their scape-goat." * * * The one act is, we presume, the butchery of Macnaghten: * all the rest, liberality, bravery, and good points!!

The writer's opinions of the envoy are nearly as conflicting:—

"Would he (exclaims) that he had been more alive to the apprehensions which influenced common men! We might not then have to mourn over the untimely fate of one whose memory must be ever cherished in the hearts of all who knew and were capable of appreciating him, notwithstanding the disastrous termination of his political career, as that of a good, and, in many essential points, a great man."

The device by which he was entrapped into a breach of faith is nevertheless thus related:—

"Amenollah Khan, the most influential of the rebels, was to be seized on the following day, and delivered up to us as a prisoner. Mahomed Khan's fort was to be immediately occupied by one of our regiments, and the Bala Hissar by another. Shah Shoojah was to continue king, Mahomed Akber was to become his wuzer, and our troops were to remain in their present position until the following spring. That a scheme like this, bearing impracticability on its very face, should have for a moment deceived a man of Sir William's usual intelligence and penetration, is indeed an extraordinary instance of infatuation, that can only be accounted for on the principle that a drowning man will catch at a straw. * * * In a fatal hour he signed his name to a paper consenting to the arrangement. His doom was sealed. The whole was a scheme got up by the chiefs to test his sincerity."

The history of the prisoners is one of the most deeply interesting that can be conceived. Only one woman, a Mrs. Wade, wife of a sergeant, disgraced her sex and country by renegading and becoming the concubine of an Afghan. The rest suffered every privation heroically; though there are some trifling anecdotes which we wish had been omitted, under the tragical circumstances of the case. Ex. gr.:—

At Budddeahab, "on our first arrival, we suf-

* His death was disgraceful. "Although it was evident that our envoy had been basely entrapped, if not actually murdered, before our very gate; and though even now crowds of Afghans, horse and foot, were seen passing and repassing to and fro in hostile array, between Mahomed's fort and the place of meeting, not a gun was opened upon them; not a soldier was stirred from his post; no sortie was apparently even thought of; treachery was allowed to triumph in open day; the murder of a British envoy was perpetrated in the face and within musket-shot of a British army; and not only was no effort made to avenge the dastardly deed, but the body was left lying on the plain to be mangled and insulted, and finally carried off to be paraded in the public market by a ruffianly mob of fanatical barbarians."

ferred some inconvenience from the want of clean linen, having in our transit from fort to fort been much pestered by vermin, of which, after they had once established a footing, it was by no means an easy matter to rid ourselves. The first discovery of a real living l-o-u-s-e was a severe shock to our fine sense of delicacy; but custom reconciles folk to any thing, and even the ladies eventually mustered up resolution to look one of these intruders in the face without a scream."

The robbery of Lady Maenaghten's shawls, value 5000*l.*, and jewels, valued at 10,000*l.*, are only a little more in keeping, being characteristic of the plunderers.

The origin of the rebellion is, among other causes, attributed to Shah Shooja's hatred of Sir A. Burnes, and determination to get rid of him; but this does not square with the other reasons assigned, the offence given to the Gilljees, &c. &c. His death is thus recorded:—"We heard of the murder of Shah Shooja by the hand of Shooja Dowla, eldest son of Nuwab Zeman Khan, who shot the unfortunate old king with a double-barrelled gun, as they were proceeding together to the royal camp at Seah Sung. It is a curious fact that Shah Shooja was present at the birth of his murderer, to whom he gave his own name on the occasion."

We conclude with two paragraphs apart from war and massacre:—

"We passed within a mile of a plain white building on our left, which was pointed out as the tomb of Lamech the father of Noah, and a favourite place of pilgrimage with the Afghans.

"I was sent for by the sirdar to examine a cavalry-saddle, as he was anxious to know whether it was made of hog's-skin. I told him it was a difficult question to decide, as both hog and cow-skins were used, and could not easily be distinguished. As he gave me some knowing winks, and was evidently most unwilling that a good saddle should be sacrificed to the religious scruples of his moolah, who was seated in the room, I voted in favour of the cow; and, as Lieut. Waller afterwards declared himself on the same side, the sirdar, considering that two witnesses decided the point, determined to hold his own; and I believe in his heart he cared little about the natural history of the hide, so long as it suited his purposes."

It would have been well if a more severe judgment had been exercised on Lieut. Eyre's manuscript, and much more excluded from publication, than we are told, has been suppressed. Brave men, as well as defenceless women, may sometimes need to be protected from the press and injurious report.*

After the lieutenant comes the sergeant-major, reminding us somewhat of the capital song, sung, and, we rather think, written, by Tom Sheridan, at the conclusion of the war, which sent our military friends to seek other employment:—

"Says the lieutenant, I'll to the highway—
Better do that than do worse;
Says the sergeant, then I'll begin,
So stand and deliver your purse,
With my tol, lol, &c."

The sergeant-major was on the Bombay contingent, and, after an absence of about eighteen months, returned to that presidency. He belonged to that part of the force which was sent back after the conquest of Cabul, and consequently had no share in the miseries which befel those who were left in occupation. The Beloochees, however, were as hostile as the Gilljees; and some of the scenes he describes are equally characteristic of their nature, feeling, and habits, in regard to the invaders of their difficult mountainous country. Thus, near a village, which separates Upper Scinde from Beloochistan:

"Three of the cooks belonging to our division, who followed with the camp-kettles at a short distance in its wake, lost their way in the darkness of the night, and as chance would have it, stumbled upon a party of the enemy. They were immediately seized, and each man was bound by the wrist to the saddle of a Beloochee horseman. The cries of the unfortunate men having reached the rear-guard, which consisted of the Native Auxiliary Horse, they turned in pursuit, and soon came in sight of the enemy, whose figures were dimly visible in the obscurity which prevailed. As soon as they heard them galloping up, the Beloochees spurred their horses to their utmost speed, dragging their prisoners along with them at a terrific pace. Finding their pursuers gained upon them, they stooped down, and with their broad knives ripped up two of their victims from the abdomen to the throat, and then cast them loose. The third, more fortunate, escaped with life, the Beloochee to whose saddle he was attached having freed him by cutting off his left arm with a blow of his sabre: then wheeling round on our horse, who were now almost up with them, the enemy took deliberate aim at the advancing troopers, and having killed two, and severely wounded another, they plunged into the darkness and succeeded in baffling pursuit."

A piece of Beloochee waggonery played off at the next skirmish was rather unpropitious to the name:—

"We were (Mr. Taylor informs us) about to quit the pass at the close of the eighth day's march, when the enemy made another and more successful attempt at plunder. Emboldened by the absence of the infantry, which was at a considerable distance in the rear, they descended the heights in greater numbers than usual, and attacked the camp followers in charge of the officers' baggage. The latter took to flight, and the Beloochees commenced pillaging the trunks and cases. Amongst the property carried off was a camel belonging to Brigadier Scott, which was laden with the whole of the general's kit. A party of the 4th Dragoons, under the command of Lieut. Gillespie, at length galloped up and put the enemy to flight. There were only three men wounded and three horses

axiom, "that every man is to be considered innocent till he is proved guilty," be maintained, if parties, not accusers in the legal sense, but purporting to be eye-witnesses of the misconduct or crime, were at liberty to come down before the public, and on their own evidence pronounce their own verdict of condemnation? The argument will not bear the test either of even-handedness or reason.

killed on our side, whilst the Beloochees left great numbers of dead on the ground. During the heat of the firing a mistake occurred, which at first occasioned some alarm, but was soon converted into a burst of uncontrollable merriment. Our men had driven the last of the enemy up the hill, the latter peppering away at them from every rock or crevice where they could find shelter, when our attention was arrested by the appearance of a general officer on the heights to our left, who appeared to be making signs to us. It was at first supposed that one of our leaders had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and universal consternation prevailed. The general at length took off his shako, and, advancing to the very edge of the precipice, waved it in the air as if to cheer us on to his rescue, when to our infinite amusement we discovered it was the fellow who had made off with the brigadier's kit, and who, after examining the contents of it, had rigged himself out in full uniform. The rocks echoed with laughter, and the pseudo-general appeared to enjoy the fun as much as any of us, for he capered about in a perfect ecstasy of delight, and gave expression to his contentment in the most delectable yells. A shower of balls was at length directed against him, and the brigadier's swarthy representative came tumbling down the precipice to render himself and his briefly enjoyed honours into our hands."

Whilst quartered in Cabul, our officers treated Shah Shooja with a sample of English horseracing, and great sport ensued, though he did not take much pleasure in it:—"His majesty at a previous review appeared in excellent health and spirits, and addressed much of his conversation to Sir Alexander Burnes, who seemed to be high in his favour.* The Shah's costume was, as usual, magnificent, his turban being ornamented with a single diamond, whose value was estimated at 100,000*l.* Immediately after came six elephants, containing the ministers and household of the Shah, and then followed the commander-in-chief, with the whole of the general officers and staff in brilliant uniforms, and decorated with their various orders. The next feature in the procession, and a ludicrous one it was, was the appearance of two burly-looking fellows, dressed in red and yellow, and wearing conical caps, out of which shot two large horns. We at first supposed they were his highness's jesters, but, instead of that, they turned out to be his executioners,—functionaries far more essential to the comfort of an Asiatic prince."

At the races "the Shah took up his position near the winning-post, attended by the politicians, and the commander-in-chief; but his majesty did not appear to take much interest in the sport, and he left the course before it was half over. The officers rode their own horses, and turned out in gay striped jackets and jockey-caps; so that but for the dark faces and turbaned heads which every where encountered the eye, it would not have been difficult to imagine ourselves suddenly transported to Ascot or Epsom."

About this time of splendour and gaiety a Brito-Indian Lucullus closed his career.

"Brigadier-General Arnold (it is stated) of the army of the Indus, having been long suffering under a liver complaint, breathed his last at Cabul shortly after our arrival there. This officer was distinguished for his qualities as a *bon vivant*, and having laid in a good store of necessities for the campaign, was the only one amongst who fared well amidst the general privation."

* Lieut. Eyre assures us (see ante) that the Shah "detested" him. Which is the truth!!!

* Since writing this review, a correspondence on the broad question which it discusses has arisen in the *Times*: and on Tuesday last appeared a letter from the editor of the work, signed "E. Eyre," in which he contends that no injustice has been done to Brigadier Shelton by the precipitous publication of his brother's account. The principle is wound up in the following passage:—"The propriety of publishing the narrative at this time depends entirely on its truth; and for this, of course, the author is responsible." If this doctrine be correct, we must confess that our ideas are altogether erroneous. But we continue firmly to hold the contrary. Extend the right so assumed to actions pending in any law-court and criminal trial, *ad hoc sub judice*: why, it is repudiated by every tribunal, and the existence of the evil admitted to be an objection vitiating the calm and fair administration of justice, by prejudicing the minds or inflaming the passions of its functionaries, be they courts or juries. No person who, like Lieut. Eyre, would be an important witness, subject to sifting questions and cross-examination on behalf of the accused, can have the privilege of pre-publishing *ex parte* his views of the case. Such a course, if permissible and carried into general practice, would be perfectly monstrous and subversive of all justice. How could the common and universally acknowledged

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tions. He kept an excellent table along the route, and an invitation to it was always regarded as amongst the lucky chances by which fortune signified her favour. Good living could not, however, protect the general against disease, and he fell ill at Candahar of a malady which is often said to be the result of it. He was carried from Candahar to Cabul in a palankeen, and took no part whatever in the events which occurred between those places. His remains were interred in the Armenian burial-ground, outside the walls of the city, and his effects were publicly sold by auction a few days after. The general had left Bengal with about eighty camels laden with baggage and necessities, of which about five and twenty remained at the time of the sale. His trunks were filled with quantities of plate, a goodly provision of snuff and cigars, and such an immense stock of linen that it occupied two days of the sale. His cooking apparatus was most elaborate and ingenious, and we could not help wondering at the uses to which the infinite varieties of small and curious articles of which it was composed were devoted. The prices at which these effects were sold will appear incredible to the European reader; but it must be remembered that it was the scarcity, in fact the almost total impossibility of getting them, that enhanced their value. The cigars sold at the rate of about two shillings and six pence each, the snuff at ten shillings an ounce; a few bottles of beer, a liquor of which no other officer in the army possessed a drop, at thirty shillings each; and some choice wines at from three to four pounds the bottle. The other things brought proportionate prices, the shirts fetching from thirty to forty shillings each. The amount realised at this sale must have been enormous."

Alas, to think of the fate of so many of the gallant racers, and the purchasers of poor Arnold's luxuries, from the twenty-five camel-loads of a kit once requiring eighty of these patient beasts of burthen! The beer and the choice wine! In a few months they perished for want of a draught of disgusting water.

To Sergeant Taylor it was obvious that the Afghans throughout the land looked upon us with scowling and undisguised hatred: but we have only space to quote one short notice more, on his homeward march, where he speaks of an author whose publication we lately reviewed, and took occasion to reprehend his indecorous attack upon the memory of the brave and estimable Sir Alexander Burnes:—

"Amongst the British whom we found on our arrival at Kurrachee was Mr. Masson, the author of an interesting work on Afghanistan, which has been lately published. This gentleman had been originally a private soldier in the Honourable Company's service, and had risen through various grades to the profitable civil employment which he at present holds. He rendered some important services to the company, for which they awarded him a pension of 100*l.* a year; and, much to his credit, he settled the whole of it on his aged mother."

Adam Brown, the Merchant. By the Author of "Brambletye House," &c. 3 vols. London, Colburn.

"A book (said Oliver Goldsmith long ago) may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity." We will not endeavour to point out any errors which may exist in this work, but confess that we have found it clever, humorous, and amusing. Adam Brown, who has quitted his native village with seven and ninepence in his pocket,

a friendless vagrant, and returned to become lord of the manor (as if to that manor born), and to boast of having *rather more* than 7*s.* 9*d.*, is a capital piece of portraiture; and no less so is the taciturn John Trotman, his servant, though not so original as his master. The whole family of the Lums, Captain Molloy, his daughter Tilda (the female characters being, however, the least successful in drawing), and Roger Crab, are all good in their way, and fair specimens of the known skill and talent of the author. Mrs. Glossop, with her interlardings of queer French, is a satire upon that ridiculous style; and Isola, a fantastic Italian singer, for ever acting, singing, dancing, laughing, crying, and embracing, &c., a flightiness more likely to disgust than attract a wife-seeking Englishman, makes a nice pair with the lady in question. When we add to her the further qualifications of insolence and avarice, we lose sight of her extreme beauty and other fascinations. We will not break into the story; but by a single extract, describing the fortune, or misfortune, of Adam Brown's marriage with his housekeeper,—a lesson, too, of painful truth to simple and right-minded religionists,—shew the ability with which Mr. Smith has performed his task:—

"Scarcely had the honeymoon expired, when both parties began to suspect that their marriage had been a mistake. The *ci-devant* housekeeper still wished to be bustling about, as usual, among the pots, preserves, and saucers of the housekeeper's room and the kitchen; but Brown, though he cared not a rush what menial occupations he pursued himself, was fine and fastidious in the person of his wife, and prohibited in the most peremptory manner all such indulgences, as inconsistent with her present station. He was determined to shew that she could be a lady; and so she was, as far as idleness went,—but no further. She could not sit quiet all day, dressed up very fine, and twiddling her thumbs, without feeling miserably bored. Competent to do almost any thing, but quite unable to do nothing, her bustling cheerfulness gave way to a lethargic moping; she felt herself to be in a false position,—completely out of her element. A low woman thus craving for stimulus and excitement might have betaken herself to spirituous liquors; Mrs. Brown had recourse to spiritual dram-drinking. When at Cheltenham, she had repeatedly accompanied her friend to the chapel of a Mr. Griffin, one of those presumptuous, fanatical anathematisers 'who deal damnation round the land,' who conciliate the weak, and timid, and selfish portion of their flock by promising them the very best places in heaven; and the malignant, by assuring them that all the friends and neighbours who do not adopt their own precise tenets shall be doomed to the very lowest pit of the infernal regions. By dint of perpetually decrying this sinful world, and all its luxuries, Mr. Griffin had succeeded in surrounding himself with all the luxuries he condemned. Of this ascetic preacher, Mrs. Brown became a disciple, finding such pleasant excitement in, his furious denunciations, and in the society of her friend Mrs. Jellicoe, who might almost be termed the high-priestess of his temple, that she was constantly driving over to Cheltenham to attend his preachings and lectures; never failing, upon such occasions, to load her carriage with the choicest produce of the garden and farm. Brown had looked forward to the possession of a companion who would cheer his solitude and in-occupation by sharing a game of cards or cribbage, or billiards, by reading amusing books

to him—for his own eyes began to fail—by accompanying him to the rustic cricketings and merry-meetings, as well as to the social parties of the neighbourhood, or by occasionally driving over to Gloucester to see a play; but from these recreations his wife recoiled with horror,—they were all denounced by the Rev. Mr. Griffin as sinful and damnable. It was vexatious enough that she should forego these innocent amusements in her own person; but when she began to condemn her husband, if he indulged in them, and to threaten him with eternal perdition if he did not abandon them, Brown waxed wroth, and told her, in no very measured terms, that he insisted upon being the master of his own house, adding, that if she didn't like it, she might leave it. No one knew better than herself that he was a person whom it was difficult to guide, and almost impossible to coerce, especially by a menace; she entertained a sincere respect for his character; she was truly grateful for the position in which he had placed her; and as she was really a good sort of woman, it might have been thought that she would have held it a duty to contribute to the happiness of his life, instead of rendering it wretched by waging with him an incessant warfare of household persecution. Morality, however, never becomes so thoroughly perverted as when it is in alliance with superstition; and none are so likely to prove unfeeling, and even unprincipled, as weak-minded people who are at the same time conscientious. Such was the case with Mrs. Brown: a false standard of duty led her away from the true one; there was a right meaning even in her wrong actions; and if she made her husband miserable in this world, it was with the pious intention of preventing his being so in the next. A coarse joke of Brown's fanned these threatening embers of conjugal difference into a flame. Long and frequently had he been tormented by his wife to attend Mr. Griffin's chapel; steadily, and sometimes rudely, had he refused. That reverend gentleman had found that he could not mortify the flesh for a course of years, and in his own peculiar way, with impunity; his macerations must have been confined to the spirit; for his body had become exceedingly corpulent. 'You would not speak to me in this unchristian language,' said Mrs. Brown, after some taunting reproach of her husband, 'if I could only once prevail upon you to sit under the saint—the Reverend Mr. Griffin.' 'Believe you there!' was the reply; 'never speak again, if I was to sit under such a great fat porpoise as that;—squeezed as flat as a pancake. Had you there, Madam. Ha! ha!' The speech itself, the triumphant rap of the cane, the chuckling laugh, the shake of the shoulders, were too much, even for the pious Mrs. Brown. An insult to herself she could have endured with resignation, nay, with pleasure;—but to ridicule that dear saint!—it was intolerable! A fierce altercation ended in an agreement to separate,—a proposal so acceptable to both parties, that it was carried into immediate execution: the time that had elapsed from the morning of their ill-assorted marriage being exactly three months! Apportioning the sum rather to the station from which he had taken her, than to his own fortune, Mr. Brown settled three hundred a year upon his wife, who went to live with her friend Mrs. Jellicoe, at Cheltenham, devoting nearly half her income to the dear corpulent saint; who is thus furnished with additional reasons for decrying the pomps, vanities, and luxuries of this sinful and miserable world."

To conclude: our opinion is, that Adam

Brown is well worthy of the reputation of its author, and of the perusal of our readers.

Journal and Letters of the late Samuel Curwen, Judge of Admiralty, &c., an American Refugee in England from 1775 to 1784, comprising Remarks on the prominent Men and Measures of that Period; with Biographical Notices of many American Loyalists. By George Atkinson Ward. London, Wiley and Putnam.

This title-page explains the nature of the volume before us, which contains many interesting particulars, and many particulars which possess little or no interest. Well condensed, and the extraneous matter omitted, it would have been much more acceptable; but as it is, the reader has to wade through a mass of journalism of no public consequence, in order to pick up the crumbs of intelligence and observation which are scattered about the work. Such notices as the following are specimens of the better sort of entries:—

A.D. 1778. "Henry Grove, a dissenting minister of Taunton, well known by his writings among those of the same profession, wrote Nos. 588, 601, 626, and 635, in the 8th volume of the *Spectator*; and Mr. Parr, lately deceased in this city of Exeter, in his eighty-eighth year, wrote those signed A. B. in the 6th and 7th volumes, and some others, the signature of which his son, Surgeon Parr, told me he had forgotten."
 * * * 1782. March 28.—That the Prince of Wales is not content to take all upon trust, the following story perhaps will illustrate:—Returning lately from an airing on horseback, attended by a companion and one servant, on his arrival in St. James's Park he alighted, and, giving his horse to the servant, proceeded on foot with his friend to the gallery of the House of Commons, where he abode for some hours. Whilst there, having entered with his hat on, he was ordered to take it off, with which he complied, keeping his handkerchief up to his face to prevent the discovery of his person. Having heard many things before unknown to him, he departed, surprised and informed. This excursion continued so long as to delay the royal dinner for more than an hour, and occasioned an anxiety in his royal parents' breasts, his absence at meals being unusual. On his entering, being questioned, he frankly owned where he had been, not a little to the disapprobation of his father, who has since complied with his request to allow him a summer's progress through the kingdom, which he has often solicited, in case he would promise to make no more such elopements. It is a maxim of state for the present incumbent of the throne to keep the successor ignorant as possible, and totally unconcerned and unused to court-measures and all public concerns, and this king seems inclined to put the maxim in practice to its extent."

This was just after the fall of the North ministry; and three days later we read:—

"Drank tea with Mr. Peters. He informed me administration would not consent to the independence of America: the ministerial plan is to govern America by a lord-lieutenant, and create nobility; and, if she will not agree to Great Britain's proposal, to make a partition-treaty of the colonies with France, to whom the northern colonies and Canada would be ceded, the southern colonies remaining to Great Britain,—a fine bargain, truly."

To our recollection this is quite a novel piece of political news. Again, April 20th, of the new ministry—"It is affirmed that the cabinet, which consists of ten members, have been thrice equally divided; the lord-president in that case

makes report to the king, and he agrees with one opinion, which is then entered in the council-books, with this addition, 'by command of his majesty.' The king refused to give his opinion, saying, 'Let it be done as they determine among themselves.' 'But, sire, they are divided.' 'So let it remain, then!'—A strong ground of suspicion that neither measures nor men are to his liking."

Mr. Curwen was of the Cumberland family, whence his great-grandfather had emigrated, and was one of the earliest settlers in Massachusetts. As a loyalist refugee, he received a pension of 100*l.* a year from the British government; but finally returned to his native land, and died there at a ripe old age.

We shall add only one strange fact as related by the writer; and extraordinary as are the cures of stammering at present effected by Mr. Hunt, we are inclined to think that he could hardly equal this, performed (how, it is difficult to tell) fifty years ago:—

"At Parson Peters's met young Parson Clarke, and observing him speak articulately, and with some degree of clearness, expressed my surprise; and inquiring the cause, he told me his speech came to him on a sudden, and on the very day seven years that he was first seized with the incapacity of uttering sounds."

Montgomery's Sacred Gift. A Series of Meditations upon Scripture Subjects. With 20 highly finished Engravings, after celebrated Paintings by the Great Masters. By the Author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity," &c. &c. Large 8vo, pp. 204. London and Paris, Fisher and Co.

THESE scriptural engravings can never be repeated too often, and are consequently always popular. This very handsome volume, rich in paper and typography, and splendid in binding, will, no doubt, reach its ample share of patronage, were it only prized, as children's prize-books, for the pictures. But it is illustrated in prose and verse by an author, who, in spite of much controversy and critical opprobrium, has contrived to take and keep a strong hold on public opinion. We were the first to acknowledge and encourage his opening talent; and we still think that, had he pursued that opening promise in a right course, he would never have afforded his adversaries so many blots to hit as he has in his later productions. But, it must be confessed, that he has allowed his style to become more obscure and turgid; and has got into a misuse of epithets which the English language cannot recognise. Thus, notwithstanding high aspirations and often fine thoughts, his compositions are so palpably marked with the errors we have noticed, that the few who will take the trouble to observe his beauties are overwhelmed by the many who can at once detect his blemishes. We open a page at random (92, 93), the subject "The Prodigal Son." There is a graceful and poetical, though not very complete, simile:—

"Oh! what a change from him, that blithe and brave Free-hearted one, whose limbs were like the oaks In graceful vigour, on whose cheeks the hue Of health, like morning's radiant blush appear'd, Ere sin had shaded, or *dawning* *er* the day His bloom destroy'd. E'en like a gallant bark Leaving the port in beautiful array, With all her symmetry of canvass spread, While sunbeams dance her painted sides around, The soft winds carol, and the leaping waves Laugh in bright tumult, as her beauty floats Through flashing waters,—but at night returns 'The wreck of whirlwinds, or of storms the prey, A batter'd, trembling, melancholy shape, Of sails dismantled, and with masts no more."

And a second comparison follows, equally good:—

"Or, like a tree by sudden winter struck And blasted, till its ripen'd blossoms fall Beneath it, while the languid boughs depend Touching the soil, as if with conscious droop Of melancholy,—that blighted youth became! A mean, emaciated, sunken thing, Scorn'd by himself, by hollow friends forgot, Hopeless and aimless, far from God, and truth, And home parental!—who was once as gay, As seems the bark whose beauty decks the wave, Or looks the tree, whose vernal promise wears The richest vesture of redundant spring."

But immediately succeeds some thirty lines in which occur his "*bleak* disguise," the "*bleak* hollowness of man," "*poor disaster* frowns," "the shadow of the rich man's *form*," and the unscannable verse,

"In every age, to them who build their hope on smiles,"

The annexed four lines show how closely the laudable we have quoted, and the faulty we must condemn, are blended together; and the remark applies to the whole work:

"The hand that grasp'd you with a glowing force When fortune's summer round about you blaz'd, Frigid as death, when *poor disaster* frowns Or need assails you,—is at once become!"

The Christian Souvenir: an Offering for Christmas and the New Year. Edited by Isaac F. Shepard. Boston, Williams; London, Wiley and Putnam. 1843.

A TRANSATLANTIC Annual of much grace, containing contributions from the most appreciated writers of the new world. It would be hardly fair to be very critical upon it, as an apology is offered for the haste with which it was prepared—very necessary as regards the engravings, but less so with respect to its literary contents, which breathe a spirit of pure morality that does honour to the authors. Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Gould, and Mr. N. P. Willis, have given valuable aid to the editor; and much is promised for the second year.

Annual Supplement to Willich's Tithe Commutation Tables. 1843.

ALWAYS useful and valuable, these Tables for the ensuing year are rendered still more excellent for reference, by the addition of a variety of other documents, which give the essence of parliamentary papers connected with the subject. There is also a column of the decimal average prices for 1842. It must be tedious and dry work to produce so much information within so small a compass; and well does Mr. Willich deserve of the public for his services.

Sequel to Appeals made to the Government against the Niger Expedition before its Departure from England, &c. By Robert Jamieson, Esq. Pp. 32. Smith, Eider, and Co.; Liverpool, Turner and Rose.

MR. JAMIESON, a Liverpool merchant, owner of the *Ethiopia* steamer, Capt. Becroft, engaged in trading on the Niger, strongly remonstrated against the late expedition, and now reiterates his objections as proved to be well founded by the results. He states, on the authority of Capt. Becroft, and from explorations made by him in the *Ethiopia*, that the Benue is quite a separate river from the Niger; that Cross, or Old Calabar, river is stopped from higher access a little above Ocom by rapids, against which no steamer can contend; and he also lays down a small portion of the Niger above Rabbah to Levere, about half way to Busah, which Capt. Becroft reached in September, 1840. Mr. Jamieson contends that the government-supported expedition has paralysed, if not ruined, private enterprise, which was rapidly making its way in civilising the natives, and is the only means by which that desirable event can be accomplished. He also accuses

the African Society of having entertained the secret design of forming their agricultural settlement into a chartered company, and still farther interfering with and overwhelming free trade. The banks of the Benue are represented as being very rich and populous, with plenty of palm-oil for export; and thence to the south of the Bight of Biafra uninfected with any slave-trade. A small chart illustrates the subject, and the more recent investigations in the Ethiopie.

The Ladies' Hand-Book of Baby-Linen. Pp. 60. H. G. Clarke & Co.

HERE is a pretty work to send to a masculine review, instead of the *Ladies' Magazine*, *Bentley's Miscellany*, or that which is edited under a Hood. Either of these might have done it justice; but what ken we about the matter? except having written the famous Autobiography of a Baby, which perhaps led the present author to present us with a copy of "instructions for the preparation of an infant's wardrobe,"—in vain, for that is a part of the infantile system which we have never studied; and, to speak the plain truth (would that all reviews were as honest, and all reviewers as candid, how much it would benefit literature!), we do not know a gown from a robe, a cockade from a rosette, or a pilcher from a bib. On asking for information in the proper quarter, we were answered, "You had better mind your own business;" and so ends our review.

The following directions for furnishing a cradle may, however, be useful in the barn, on the sea-shore, or in the heart of the forest. The articles required are—"first, a bed, or mattress, composed of chaff, finely cut; sea-weed, properly prepared; or beech-leaves." Then sing "Hushaby baby upon the tree-top!"

National Distress; its Causes and Remedies.

Pp. 44. Sherwood and Co.

THE writer attributes the distress of a large portion of the people to the accumulation of enormous capitals in few hands, and the profits of trade being almost entirely divided among the capitalists and manufacturers on the one hand, and the landowners and farmers on the other. His remedy is consequently a more equal distribution of property—the old agrarian law under a change of forms.

The National Distress and its Remedy: a Letter to Lord Ashley, M.P. Pp. 15. Seeleys; Hatchards.

THIS short pamphlet has at least a novel nostrum to recommend it. The writer declares the Savings'-banks, with 27 millions of deposit, to be a dangerous incubus, destroying and threatening destruction to the empire; and the remedy proposed is, to make that fund available (but how not suggested), with the consent of each individual depositor, to provide Homes for the working-classes by land-investments.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Clifton, Derbyshire, Jan. 20th, 1843.

HON. SIR,—I have taken in your *Gazette* ever since January 1831, and do not know that I have ever had occasion to find fault with you except once, and that was for making use of the vile Americanism *slick*:* I hope you will never do it

* We daresay we marked the word, as our correspondent has done, to show that we used it good-humouredly, without adopting it. With regard to stitching the monthly parts, the hint will not, we trust, be thrown away on our work-people; and for the very new and curious information respecting the habits and characters of birds, from maternal impressions, we very heartily thank our "Rusticus."—*Ed. L. G.*

again. My wife, good woman, often complains, for your monthly Nos. are so wretchedly sewed that she invariably has to stitch them again before I can read them; but this is not what I more particularly wanted to write about. In the varieties of No. 1349, page 812, there is an account of "Maternal impressions transmitted" in hatching hens' eggs under different kinds of birds: this reminds me of what my uncle (a man of undoubted veracity) has often related to me. In his youth he was very fond of cock-fighting, and in his experimental breeding had eggs hatched under hawks, ravens, carrion crows, magpies, and owls, with the following results: Hawks—very courageous, but were so given to murderous propensities, that they destroyed all the chickens they came near. Ravens and carrion crows—cool, steady, determined fighters, never yielding while life lasted; preferred to any. Magpies—very brave, but hopped and skipped too much in fighting, after the manner of that bird. Owls—cowardly, always turning on their backs when attacked, as did the young owls, and the chickens hatched with them, when he approached their nests.—Wishing you health and strength long to conduct the *Literary Gazette*, I remain, honoured sir, your most obedient servant, RUSTICUS.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Jan. 20.—(First evening meeting of the season.) Mr. Faraday. "On some phenomena of electric induction." Clear views and ideas of induction ought to have place in all minds: decisions of an acquaintance with that wonderful universal power—electricity. This seemed the text of Mr. Faraday's illustrated discourse on Friday evening; and he suited it admirably to his hearers, both to those present who, he assumed, knew nothing of electricity, and to those to whom he wished to convey his extended conceptions of the phenomenon induction: by far, if there be gradations for wonder in natural phenomena, the most wonderful of the wonders of electrical forces. To the former he first experimentally explained the development of electricity; which, he most truly observed, although a common-place thing, was no common-place thought. And with such simple, and yet forcible, remarks he accompanied his experiments. In exhibiting the machine as the source of power—the power of fire—it was an every-day experiment, he said; but no matter for that, it was an every-day power, without which there would be no existence. But our space will not permit us to repeat all these happy truths. He passed on to the transfer of the power to matter on which it was not developed of itself; and touched on the Leyden jar, and the discharge; the phenomena of attraction and repulsion; the former certain, the latter not so to all, but, even to the doubters, evidently appearances; and, finally, he dilated on induction, and thence to general conclusions on certain phenomena given in nature—the flash of lightning, &c. Induction causes the distribution of electricity on the surface of bodies, whence this wonderful power is portable. Electricity is also all on the outside of bodies, none on the inside. Even if given to the inside of a metallic vessel, none remains there, but all will be found on the outside, and may be thence carried away, and communicated to another body, the quantity tested, or used at will. This fact was exhibited by several experiments, and by one especially not before tried, but of the success of which Mr. Faraday, from his certainty of the law of induction, did

not doubt. It was the communicating, by a globe-carrier, electricity from the machine to the interior of a wire gauze vessel; once given, it could not be again withdrawn from thence, although the substance was network, and the light shining through; but from the exterior the same quantity was obtained. This same curious condition of electrical tension occurs in a cloud, which consists of thousands of vesicles—conducting bodies. It was exemplified by a metallic hemisphere, with seven metallic radii knobbed: to the half globe the electricity was communicated; but instantly, like to the inside of a vessel, it was gone, and arranged, as it were, on the outside, or on the knobs of the radii. Nothing arrests inductive action; it takes place through air, through a mass of sulphur, or a cake of shell-lac, and even through metal, a conducting substance; in short, through any body in nature. The substances mentioned were interposed; but seemed, so far as the opposed force was concerned, as though they were not. The experiment of the metal interposition was the most novel, and, if possible, most interesting, but, at all events, most ingenious. Three vessels, or wells, of metal were arranged like a nest of boxes, each inner one resting on shell-lac to prevent contact and conduction; electricity was communicated to the inner one by a charged ball, which, when taken out, exhibited no electrical effect, but induction had operated through the series of air and metal, and the whole amount was appreciable only on the outside of the exterior well. And not the whole amount only, but exactly the same amount as communicated to the inner one. The sum of the forces being the same under all circumstances, and, like to chemical effect, nothing can be added or taken away. Inductive action, moreover, is reciprocal. Electricity, however developed in any bodies, induces the opposite state in all other substances. A most gratifying experiment illustrated this. A handkerchief was suspended by silk threads against the wall at some distance—the distance, however, is immaterial—opposite to a metal-ball in connexion with the machine. A few turns of the machine sufficed. The handkerchief was carried, by the silk of course, to the electroscope, and induced electricity was abundantly evidenced. The same might have been collected by the gold-leaf top of a shell-lac rod from any face in the room, and made manifest. Induction, farther, takes effect probably at infinite distances, but on the largest scale that we know of in the atmosphere. Men have been occupied with much consideration as to whether our globe be electrified; and, if so, how and in what state. Many are the changes that are occurring day and night evolving electricity, evaporation, thence thunder-storms, changes of matter and their electrical condition, most extensively, and with silent discharge, the growth of plants, &c. And as many are the ideas about the electrical state of upper space. To Peltier's theory Mr. Faraday more particularly referred; but all, he said, were worth a great deal, not as necessarily true, but leading to truth. Whatever the electrical condition of the earth, an inhabitant thereof can have no knowledge from his own sensations. This was shewn curiously by a little white mouse placed on an insulated surface; sparks, which would have stunned if not killed him, were taken from parts adjacent to him, but he appeared fully unconscious of the excited state of his world. And so we can know nothing of the excited state of the earth, excepting from something external to us. A

tion, Mr. Sutter says, they are greatly attached to the parent state. They are by no means so demoralised a people as they have been described to be. No where, perhaps, are men to be found more sensible to the value of, or more desirous of having, religious and moral instruction. No community can contribute more readily or more liberally to institutions having such instruction for their object. The paper concluded in these words,—"I cannot help observing, that when we consider how little of the geography of New Holland was known at the close of the last century, and how much of it is now explored and settled, our admiration may well be excited at the progress of discovery, and its important results. Look at the first map of Lieutenant Daves, and then at Mr. Arrowsmith's last. Indeed, when we consider the spread of agriculture, the immense multiplication of the flocks and herds now grazing over the fine pastures of the country, the rapid and extensive increase of Sydney, and of the shipping in its noble harbour, we cannot but confess that such progress is unrivalled in the history of colonisation. For the successful administration of the colony much is due to the government of his excellency the late Sir Richard Bourke, and to the continuance of able measures by his successor, the present governor, Sir George Gipps. Much still remains to be done, and will no doubt be effected, for the extension of science in the colony, and for the development of its great resources; which, it is fair to presume, will be rapidly called forth by the extension of commerce consequent upon the late happy termination of the war in China."

Mr. Sutter, the author of this very interesting paper, was himself present at the meeting; and in reply to a great many questions addressed to him by the president and members, obligingly communicated a great deal more *viva voce* information. Some polished specimens of the marble of the country were exhibited, and several presents laid on the table.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 18th.—J. S. Bowerbank in the chair. A paper was read from that gentleman, "On the structure of the shells of Mollusca and Conchiferous animals." The researches of the author into the structure of the organic tissue of the Corallidæ, published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, part II., 1842, suggested to him the idea of pursuing a similar course of investigation into the nature and origin of the testaceous coverings of the Mollusca and Conchifera. He commenced his researches during the spring of 1842; and the first object for examination was the young cartilaginous lips of the common garden-snail, *Helix aspersa*; subsequently he has directed his attention to the testaceous coverings of numerous species of adult univalve and bivalve shells. The general results of the examination of the lips of the garden-snail were as follow:—The newly-formed lip was found to consist of a thin yellow-coloured horny substance, with a number of minute globular vesicles (incipient cytoblasts and cells), in various stages of development, with a nucleus very visible by means of a power of 600 linear in the greater number of them; these cells were most numerous on the inner side of the lip, or on that part in contact with the shell; the young cells were transparent; but in the neighbourhood of these there may be seen aggregated small patches of a deep yellow colour, which appeared as centres of ossification. Besides these, other cytoblasts occur, which are developed in the form of tessellated cellular structure, which ultimately

form a minute vascular tissue, which is imbedded in bands corresponding in their direction with the lines of growth of the shell; as these tissues approached maturity, the peristracum advancing from the old lip covers them and binds the whole firmly together. The examination of thin sections of univalve shells, made by the lapidary, by transmitted light, afforded but little information of their true structure; but surfaces fractured at right angles to the outer and inner planes of the shell, and either parallel or at right angles to the lines of growth, when examined by the Lieberkum, exhibited three distinct strata, uniform in the nature of their structure, but alternating in the mode of their disposition: each stratum is formed of innumerable plates, composed of elongated prismatic cellular structure, each plate consisting of a single series of cells parallel to each other. The structure of bivalve shells is rather more complicated than that of univalves: the interior surface of some specimens exhibits a thin stratum of columnar basaltiform cells, at right angles to the natural surfaces of the shell, whilst the upper is dense, uniform, and composed of numerous thin laminae, parallel to the natural planes of the shell: in other species, the inner surface of about half the substance of the shell is composed of numerous thin calcareous strata, whilst the outer half presents the appearance of numerous basaltiform columnar cells, having their planes at right angles to the surface of the shell. Several other differences in the arrangement of the cells in other genera were then given. The author went on to describe a minute vascular tissue, which embraced some of the elongated prismatic cells, and gave them a striated appearance. Minute canals, corresponding to the Haversian canals in bone, only much more minute, were also to be seen in some specimens. The author then alluded to the fact, that there must be of necessity some vascular connexion between the animal and its shell, although he had at present failed in detecting any. He concluded by describing the mode of repair of injured parts, which was found to be precisely similar to the formation of the new lip in *Helix aspersa*, as before described. Beautiful drawings of the principal parts described accompanied the communication.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Jan. 18th.—Mr. R. Twining in the chair. Mr. Higgs described a beautiful little instrument called the monochord, to facilitate the study of vocal music. Mr. Higgs does not claim to be the original inventor, but takes credit to himself for bringing it practically into use, at a time when vocal music is considered an essential part of the education of the rising generation. Unlike the tuning-fork, which is capable of sounding only one tone or note, the monochord produces any of the notes either of the diatonic or any other scales; and moreover gives a correct idea of vibration and the theory of sound. The monochord is an oblong rectangular box, made of mahogany, 26 inches long, 2½ inches wide, and 2½ inches high. On the upper surface of the top are marked the diatonic and chromatic scales: a single wire is extended lengthwise over a bridge at either end of the instrument; and the different notes are produced by moving a third bridge (over which the wire also passes) along the top of the instrument.

Mr. Whishaw read an account of Messrs. Carmichael, Fairbanks, and Co.'s machine for excavating earth-works, which has received in

America the appellation of the Yankee Geologist, and which, had it been introduced into this country five years since, might have, it was stated, effected large savings for the railway companies in the item of "earth-works." The machine is composed of the following parts, namely: a strong wooden platform, mounted on wheels, which run on a temporary railway; second, a powerful crane firmly fixed at one end of the platform; third, on the other end of the platform a steam-engine, which actuates the machinery; fourth, a shovel, scraper, excavator or digging tool, which is suspended by a strong chain from the jib of the crane, which chain passes over pulley-wheels and thence round a drum connected with the machinery; and, lastly, the arrangement of wheel-work necessary to produce the various evolutions and motions of this novel machine. As to the quantity of earth excavated in a given time, it may be stated that 30,719 car (waggon) loads, each containing 1½ cubic yards of hard excavation, consisting of clay, sand, very coarse gravel, and boulders of various sizes, some of them closely bedded together, and many of them requiring blasts to cause their displacement, can be excavated in 46 days. A machine of this description is at present at the St. Katherine's Docks, but not put together; within, however, a very short time, it is expected that it will be erected and set to work, and thus afford engineers, contractors, and all other persons connected with the removal of earth-works, an opportunity of judging of its capabilities from ocular demonstration.*

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 17.—The papers read were: 1st, "Assaying by galvanism," by Mr. M. Roberts—consisting in the employment of a voltaic jar, whose positive element is the metal having next affinity for oxygen to that to be extracted, as silver and copper to extract silver from a solution of silver, copper and iron for copper, and so on. 2d, "The dissection of a gymnotus electricus," by Mr. H. Lethby; wherein the author follows out the ideas laid down in his former paper, and exposes those features in this fish which he was unable to develop in the other specimen: the anatomy of the torpedo is also given. 3d, "Schönbein's new battery," consisting of zinc and iron, or, which is said to be still better, of active and passive iron: the cells are arranged and excited as in Grove's battery, and the power is said to be immense. 4th, "Report of Armstrong's electrical steam-apparatus," by Mr. Ibbetson. To an insulated boiler, 3ft. 4in. long, was attached a metal conductor 14ft. long, terminating in a prime conductor supported on glass bottles. Though the day was wet when the steam was blown off, the bottles were covered with streams of electricity, and one burst. Various effects of ignition and combustion were obtained: a spark of 15 inches was drawn from the prime conductor; 120 spontaneous discharges per minute were obtained from a Leyden jar 5in. by 6½in., and 28 in the same time from a jar 9in. by 13½in. Experiments were made by means of a small boiler, in which various changes in the character of the electricity occurred. The electricity produced by this apparatus gives good reason to believe that it will hold a prominent place—perhaps the most prominent place—among the sources of electrical supply. 5th, "Disturbance of electric equilibrium," by Mr. M. Roberts. 6th, Mr. Weekes's Register for December.

* This machine is drawn and fully described in Mr. Weale's recent work, "Examples of Railways," which we shall shortly notice.—Ed. L. G.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

Jan. 4.—Mr. J. B. Denton, vice-president, in the chair. Mr. Moxon communicated the result of his examinations of the specimens of portions of *Ammonites*, submitted at a former meeting, in conjunction with an essay on the subject by Mr. W. Stocken, of Baldoek. He verified the supposition that some of these specimens belong to the species *A. obtusus*; but he stated that another isolated specimen clearly belonged to the species *A. perarmatus*, and which, from the great beauty of the development of the several parts, may be considered a rare specimen. Mr. Stocken has presented the above specimen to the museum of the society. Mr. Buckman's resumed communication "On the saline waters of Cheltenham" was illustrated by a diagram of the strata passed through by various borings in the neighbourhood, and the analyses of the saline waters from different springs, from which it appeared that the greater the thickness of the strata passed through before reaching that in which the springs take their rise, the smaller the proportion of saline matter contained. Thus, in many instances the saline springs pass through a thick bed of lias; and of this more than one example was adduced, by which the medicinal quality of the water is deteriorated; whilst those which rise from the same stratum of new red sandstone nearer to the point of its outcrop are much more strongly impregnated.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 20.—Mr. A. Gerard in the chair. Mr. R. Embleton presented a specimen of *Majanthemum bifolium* Decandolle, *Convallaria bifolia* Linn., collected by him at Howick in Northumberland. Donations to the library from the Boston Natural History Society and from Mr. Doubleday were announced; also that various parcels of plants had been received since the last meeting. A paper, illustrated by specimens, from Mr. W. Gardiner jun., being a notice of localities for some of the rarer Alpine *Hypnæ*, was read.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Jan. 21, 1843.

Academy of Sciences: * sitting of Jan. 16.—A memoir containing the recent researches of M. M. Andral and Gavanet to determine the exact quantity of carbonic acid exhaled from the human chest, was read. These investigators purpose to extend the inquiry to every possible state of sickness and of health: the first part now presented comprises experiments relative to the influence of age, sex, and constitution on the quantity evolved. The observations were made, as nearly as could be, under the same conditions in respect to the time of the day, the interval from food, muscular expenditure, &c., and on about sixty individuals of both sexes. Each experiment was continued from eight to thirteen minutes, and the amount of gas collected was nearly in every case 130 litres (quarts). Age, sex, and constitution affected the result. The quantity exhaled by both sexes was modified according to age. In the period of life between eight years and extreme old age, a man always exhales a larger quantity in a given time than a woman does. This difference is most marked between the age of sixteen and forty, during which time a man furnishes generally twice as much carbonic acid as a woman. The quantity exhaled by a man constantly increases from eight to thirty years old, and the increase at about fifteen years of age is suddenly very great. After thirty the exhalation of carbonic acid begins to decrease; and this decrease, more marked as man approaches extreme old age, continues to the last limit of life, when the exhalation of carbonic acid from the lungs becomes again what it was at about ten years old. The exhalation increases in the case of a woman by the same laws as in that of man, from about eight years of age, but at the period of womanhood, contrary to what happens in man, it suddenly stops increasing, and remains stationary so long as regular health is maintained. Again, at a certain time of life the carbonic acid from the lungs is augmented suddenly in a remarkable manner, and then it decreases, as with a man, until extreme old age. During the period of gestation the exhalation is temporarily raised. In both sexes and at all periods of life the quantity of carbonic acid exhaled from the lungs is greater in proportion as the constitution is stronger and the muscular system more developed.

MM. Danger and Flandin forwarded the continuation of their observations relative to the effect of arsenic on sheep. The one to which they had administered at twice, and at an interval of twenty-four hours, three grammes of arsenious acid, with and without a mixture of salt, had survived both poisonings. The sheep poisoned by absorption under the skin died the fifth day; even to the last moment it had refused nourishment. The sheep poisoned by administering in one dose an ounce of arsenious acid mixed with a handful of salt, also died on the fifth day. Ill soon after having taken the poison, this poor animal also, to the last moment, refused to eat.

Another communication was made on the same subject, but with a different result. It was the case of a sick lamb, which had by chance taken an arsenical preparation of one ounce of arsenic and four ounces of flour, intended to destroy rats; and it not only survived, but was cured. This fact was announced by M. Renault, the director of a veterinary school, as having been observed by M. Bacon.

The Academy was apprised of the death of one of its members, M. Puissant, who, in the section of geometry, had occupied the chair of Laplace.*

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Jan. 14.—The first day of Hilary term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—H. G. M. Prettyman, Oriel College; Rev. J. R. Prettyman, Trinity College, grand compounders; Rev. G. Smith, Magd. Hall; W. G. Henderson, demy of Magd. College; Rev. H. Rendall, fellow of Brasenose College.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. Bayley, New Inn Hall, grand compounder; J. D. Hilton, G. A. Oddie, Univ. Coll.; E. B. Heawood, Christ Church; J. Smith, Magd. Hall; F. J. Vipan, Wadham College; J. C. Hilliard, St. John's College.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Jan. 26.—Mr. Hamilton in the chair. A long paper on ancient music was communicated by Sir S. R. Meyrick, on occasion of what he supposes to be a Welsh musical inscription found on the wooden screen of a small church on the borders of Shropshire and Herefordshire.

* A memoir by M. De Collegno on the diluvia of the Pyrenees, and a note from M. F. Dujardin mentioning his experiments on the permeability of liquids for gas, were read; and several memoirs were referred for report.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Medical, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.
Thursday.—Zoological, 3 P.M.; Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.
Friday.—Roy. Institution, 8½ P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Mathematical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. With thirty-two illustrations by W. Mulready, R.A. 8vo. Van Voorst.

It was said of Goldsmith, *nullum quod non ornavit texit*; and yet no author in the English tongue offers more eligible subjects for the further embellishments of art: and they have been here happily supplied by the designs of Mulready, executed in wood by Mr. J. Thompson, one of the most faithful and admirable engravers in that style.

It is very gratifying to us to put a volume of this kind at last by the side of Paris editions of French publications; and feel that we have cause to be proud, rather than to be ashamed, of our national performances. In the drawing of the figures, in expression, and in invention, we have been forced to acknowledge our general inferiority: even the woodcuts in Jules Janin's *River à Paris* (strangely omitted in the *Pictorial Annual*, which translated the text and copied the steel plates), with their characteristic and farcical humour, giving us a twinge from their ease which made us uneasy for the honour of similar productions in London. We have also so frequently mentioned *Gil Blas*, *Don Quixote*, and other illustrated Parisian tomes, that we need not dwell on the theme, but turn with the pleasure we have stated to the charming competition now on our table.

In all his numerous illustrations Mr. Mulready has not only shewn himself deeply imbued with the feeling and spirit of Goldsmith, but, where he has gone beyond the author in embodying congenial accessories, he has yet more forcibly displayed a kindred genius. We have in the chosen subjects, as they required, the nature, the pathos, the quiet humour, the exposure of vulgarity, affectation, and immorality, the very life of the rural village, its virtuous pastor and his family. We can hardly decide where is the greatest excellence. The very first drawing of Dr. Primrose seriously choosing his wife as she did her wedding-gown is an exquisite key to the whole, and a delightful composition. Our next stop is at the group of the Flamboroughs entertaining the home-circle of the vicarage with their harmless music. The Vicar's own rural musical party is also very pretty. The family riding to church is another rich bit of crowded horsemanship; and Moses' departure for the fair—all crying "Good luck, good luck!" and his sister taking her shoe off to throw after him with the same intent (a capital addition), is in all else as lively as the original description. Olivia measuring height with the Squire is a playful pictorial realisation: the secret squeeze of her hand, unseen by the simply cunning mother, and her small brother looking that she does not stand unfairly on tiptoe, are interpretations and contexts, if we may say so, in the very essence of Goldsmith. In the reception of the repentant Olivia at the miserable abode of her father, Mr. Mulready has in our opinion reached the acmé of the truly pathetic, and, as if inspired by the excitement, achieved by far the most beautiful piece of drawing. The lifeless form of the unhappy girl, whom her dejected father bids her mother support, is strikingly new in po-

* According to the recommendation of the commission, MM. Corioli and Plobert, the memoir of M. Colladon on a method of measuring the work of marine steam-engines, and estimating the resistance of the water to steam-vessels, will be inserted in the *Recueil des Savants étrangers*.

sition, and as fine as it is new. We never saw any thing of the kind, by the greatest of masters, that, to our mind, surpassed this figure in truth and effect. The one engraving alone is worthy the price of the volume; and a lasting memorial of the talents of the artist. And this is well contrasted with the rudely attempted rescue of their beloved pastor by the villagers; and more forcibly still by the ruffianly crew in prison, demanding garish in one engraving, and mocking his earnest religious instructions in another: the latter, where all sorts of low ridicule are employed by the squalid wretches, is full of invention, and painfully correct in depravity, without being offensive to taste. We are relieved, however, by seeing them afterwards in a body, so far reclaimed, that "some were penitent, and all attentive." Beyond this there is no occasion for us to go in speaking of the particular merits of any design: it is sufficient to say of all, that they are most artist-like in disposition, most skilful in costume, and display throughout so ripe an intimacy with the finest models of elder art (using that intimacy no farther than to enrich originality), that they entirely deserve to take the elevated stand which in our judgment they have attained.

To this high station they have had the congenial aid of Mr. Thompson. The difficulty of fulfilling an artist's ideas, or copying his drawings on wood, is very great. The difference of the thickness or the thinness of a line makes a wonderful variation in expression and general effect. It is easy, indeed, to cut down a thick line; but, even with the recent process of inserting new pieces of wood, it is hardly possible to repair the accident of having pared too much away. As far as we are enabled to frame an opinion, the engraver (no doubt in co-operation with the painter) has succeeded perfectly in the execution of his task: at least, if there be faults or blemishes, they are too microscopic to challenge our criticism. We may therefore safely conclude by warmly recommending this appropriate edition of the *Picar of Wakefield* to every lover of immortal literature, fitly adorned by a sister Muse.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[THOUGH the following poem has appeared in an American journal, yet as it is almost entirely confined to its own locality, we make no apology for copying it into the *Literary Gazette*: as Mr. Everett has not, we believe, published any thing in verse for many years, and his position in society adds an interest to his literary productions.]

SANTA CROCE.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

Nor chiefly for thy storied towers and halls,
For the bright wonders of thy pictured walls,
Nor for the olive's wealth, the vineyard's pride,
That crown thy hills, and gleam on Arno's side,
Dost thou delight me, Florence? I can meet
Elsewhere with halls as rich and vales as sweet:
I prize thy charms of nature and of art,
But yield them not the homage of my heart.

Rather to Santa Croce I repair
To breathe her peaceful monumental air;
The age, the deeds, the honours, to explore
Of those who sleep beneath her marble floor;
The stern old tribunes of the early time,
The merchant lords of Freedom's stormy prime;
And each great name, in every after-age,
The praised, the wise—the artist, bard, and sage.

I feel their awful presence: lo, thy bust,
Thy urn, O Dante; not, alas! thy dust.
Florence, that drove thee, living, from her gate,
Waits for that dust in vain, and long shall wait.
Ravenna! keep the glorious exile's trust,
And teach remorseful factions to be just,
While the poor cenotaph, which bears his name,
Preclaims at once his praise, his country's shame.

Next, in an urn, not void, though cold as thine,
Moulders a godlike spirit's mortal shrine,

O Michael, look not down so still and hard,
Speak to me, painter, builder, sculptor, bard!
And shall those cunning fingers, stiff and cold,
Crumble to meager earth than they did mould?
Art thou, who form and force to clay couldst give,
And teach the quarried adamant to live—
Bid, in the vaultings of thy mighty dome,
Pontifical outvie imperial Rome—
Portray, unshrinking, to the dazzled eye,
Creation, judgment, time, eternity;
Art thou so low, and in this narrow cell
Dost thou that Titanic genius stoop to dwell;
And, while thine arches brave the upper sky,
Art thou content in these dark caves to lie?
And thou, illustrious sage! thine eye is closed,
To which their secret paths new stars exposed.
Haply thy spirit, in some higher sphere,
Soars with the motions which it measured here.
Soft be thy slumbers, seer, for, thanks to thee,
The earth now turns without a heresy;
Dost thou, whose keen perception pierced the cause
Which gives the pendulum its mystic laws,
Now trace each orb with telescopic eyes,
And solve the eternal clockwork of the skies;
While thy worn frame enjoys its long repose,
And Santa Croce heals Arcturi's woes?

Nor them alone: on her maternal breast
Here Machiavelli's tortured limbs have rest.
Oh! that the cloud upon his tortured fame
Might pass away, and leave an honest name!
The power of princes o'er thy limbs is stay'd,
But thine own "Prince"—that dark spot ne'er shall
fade.
Peace to thine ashes! who can have the heart
Above thy grave to play the censor's part?
I read the statesman's fortune in thy doom—
Toil, greatness, woe—a late and lying tomb—
Aspiring aims by crawling arts pursued,
Faction and self baptised the public good;
A life traduced, a statue crowned with bays,
And starving service paid with funeral praise.

Here too, at length, the indomitable will
And fiery pulse of Aeti's bard are still.
And she—the Stuart's widow—rears thy stone,
Seeks the next aisle, and drops beneath her own.
The great, the proud, the fair, alike they fall;
Thy siek, Santa Croce, repeat all!

Yes, repeat all, or else had spared the bloom
Of that fair bud, now closed in yonder tomb.
Meek, gentle, pure, and yet to him allied,
Who smote the astonish'd nations in his pride:
"Worthy his name," so saith the sculptured line—
Waster of man, would he were worthy thine!

Hosts yet unnamed—the obscure, the known—I
leave;
What throngs would rise could each his marble
beave!

But we who muse above the famous dead
Shall soon be silent as the dust we tread.
But not for me, when I shall fall asleep,
Shall Santa Croce's lamps their vigils keep.
Beyond the main, in Auburn's quiet shade,
With those I loved and love, my couch be made;
Spring's pendant branches o'er the hillock wave,
And morning's dew-drops glisten on my grave.
While Heaven's great arch shall rise above my bed,
When Santa Croce's crumbles on her dead;
Unknown to erring or to suffering fate,
So I may leave a pure though humble name.

Florence, May 17, 1841.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—On Saturday *Cymbeline* was revived, and will form a delightful variety in the course of the dramas so admirably performed at this theatre. The character of *Iachimo* was never better sustained than by Macready. He combines the *Cassio* and *Iago* of *Othello* in so happy a manner, that it is not easy to say whether he is most perfect in the careless reveller or designing villain. The other parts are also well played, so as to give the whole a fine and rich effect. *Imogen*, by Miss Helen Faucit, is

* Michael Angelo, when he contemplated the statue of St. Mark, by Donatello, at Orsanmichele, used to say, "Marco, perché non mi parli?"

† Galileo, toward the close of his life, was imprisoned at Arcturi, near Florence, by order of the Inquisition.

‡ The monument of Machiavelli in Santa Croce was erected in the latter half of the last century. The inscription—"Tanto homini nullum par elogium."

§ "Ici repose Charlotte Napoleon Bonaparte, digne de son nom, 1839." The words are translated "worthy his name," for an obvious reason.

one of her best exertions; *Leonatus* moults no feather in his personation by Anderson; and Elton brings out *Pisanio* with more than usual force. *Belarius*, Phelps; *Guiderius*, Hudson; *Arviragus*, Allen; and *Cloten*, Compton: forget we not the king, *Cymbeline*, Ryder; nor the queen, Miss Ellis; nor *Caius Lucius*, Mr. G. Bennet; and we have recited a cast of great strength and attraction to one of the most beautiful and poetical of Shakspeare's romances.

Covent Garden.—A new comedy called *Mothers and Daughters*, written by Mr. Robert Bell, the successful author of *Marriage*, was produced here on Tuesday, and approved—perhaps we should have to use a warmer word, but the representation lasted three hours and a half, and we must reserve the more eulogistic term till judicious curtailments are made, and the play, compressed, allows us to enjoy its good points and comic qualities within a shorter time. Confidently expecting this, we shall now offer rather a running commentary than a criticism. Neither the characters nor the construction of the drama are original; but, on the contrary, seem to be founded on several recent as well as older comedies. Portions put us in mind of *Money*, *The Love-Case*, &c., and the first three acts run rather slowly. The last two, on the contrary, are full of animation; and throughout there are many "palpable hits" which tell well on the audience. We would advise the abridgments to be executed on the serious scenes. The acting was generally good; but we cannot say that it was altogether so, or that the author enjoyed the advantage of having his thoughts and language put forth in the best possible manner. Mrs. Orger, as *Lady Manifold*, a manœuvring mamma, was excellent, nothing could be better; and Mrs. W. Lacy, her daughter, in a very difficult character, acquitted herself with a degree of tact and delicacy beyond her most popular preceding efforts. She managed to carry the house in laughter along with her without exaggeration, or transgressing the natural bounds of the comic, and falling into farce. Miss Vandenhoff, the heroine, was lady-like and tender, but, to our taste, her pauses were both too frequent and too long—as if waiting for applause. Mrs. Humby, the abigail, was, as always, lively and active. And now, having paid our respects to the ladies, we shall briefly state that Vandenhoff was somewhat prosy in *Lord Merlin*; Bartley made what he could of *Sir Gregory Plump*, not a prominent character; and Meadows the same of *Blount*, another rather lesser ditto. Wigan walked cleverly through *Loop*, another insignificant part; Cooper was too old and heavy for the youthful lover, *Sandford*; and Harley, *Captain S. H. Montague*, was, as usual, all motion, like the spangles on harlequin's coat, making every line he had to speak do its work on the hearers. At the fall of the curtain the applause was general: shortened by an hour, if it can be, the approbation would be much warmer.

Adelphi.—On Monday Mr. Hamilton, whose promising debut in the line of Irish character, when he performed *Larry Hoolagan*, we noticed with much praise (see *Lit. Gazette*, No. 1355), essayed the arduous task, by comparison, of the *Happy Man*, so admirably personated by the late lamented Power. In this part he fully warranted our high opinion: his clever acting, his good person, his speaking countenance, and his excellent natural brogue and fine voice, drawing down frequent plaudits from every part of the house. His career is now open before him; and he has only to go on as he has begun, in order to become very speedily a genuine

public favourite. Miss Chaplin, in the heroine, acquitted herself with great talent and spirit.

Princess's Theatre.—The fair effort, fairly made at this fair theatre, has got it fairly before the public; and its alternation of pleasant opera and merry entertainments, night about, seems to augur a satisfactory issue to the undertaking. Mrs. Anderson's dress alone, in the *Gold Mine*, is an attraction for one night.

French Plays.—We had intended a longish critique for this week; but are compelled at the last minute to say, briefly, that Madame Albert's attractions in vaudevilles (*L'Omelette Fantastique, Le Philtre Champenois, &c.*) are nightly raising her in popularity; and Lionard has also been deservedly rising in estimation.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE COCKNEY CATECHISM,

OR

LONDON ONE LIE!

NO. IV.

[Grand Things in London: Diamond Trees and Palace Candles.]

First Letters received: the Coal-Trade and Sugared Cakes.

MADAM,—Though unknown to you, I hope you will allow me to say that I consider it to be very wrong to blame a whole class of persons indiscriminately for impositions which are committed by a portion, or even a majority, of them. I am a coal-dealer in a humble way; and, so far from being in the habit of defrauding my customers as you describe, I left the wharf where I dealt, because, once when I gave an order and address for 2 tons of coals, the wharfinger said to me, "Shall I send them weight?" So, you see, we are not all alike.—Y^r ob^d Serv^t

HONESTY SHED.

P.S. If you doubt this, I shall be happy to receive your orders, and convince you to the contrary.

H. S.*

My good Miss or Mrs. Margery Peepin. Old Cavendish Street, Oxford Street.

Pray accept my heartfelt acknowledgments for preserving the lives of my four children, or at least of three of them; for Ginger, as we fondly call the youngest, might perhaps have escaped owing to his cutting his teeth. But the others were saved because I read your account of the poisoning of Twelfth Cakes in the *Literary Gazette* of the 7th, which is regularly filed at the most intellectual of our Station-houses. So, when the cake was sent to the children, I told my wife what you said; and she, being a conformable body, agreeable to instructions, agreed with me that we should only give them a small portion at a time, for fear of accidents. And, will you believe it, though Tom and Jem had no more than little bits, about twice the size of my thumb, Victoria still less, and Albert (him we call Ginger, and but two years old) a mere mouthful, owing to his cutting his teeth, yet the two boys came running home from school, long before breaking-up time, vomiting awfully; Vic. was soon in the same condition, and Ginger very poorly, looking as sick as a cat. We got the doctor as fast as we could; and what with stomach-pumps and physic, and other advice, when he was told what they had eaten, he, with God's blessing, succeeded before midnight in giving hopes of their recovery; for they were 'a'most done up. They are now pretty well again, and quite out of danger; thanks, Mem, to your providential description of these venomous compounds. My wife begs her gratefulness may

be sent to you; and if ever you happen to fall into any little trouble where I can be of service, you may depend on it from

Your obliged servant to command,

ROBERT JINKINSON, Sergeant.

Station-house, Kensington, Jan. 21, 1843.

Phi. But why, dear aunt, be so brief, as you say you will be, this morning? I am sure there is plenty to tell us.

Aunt Margery. Yes, my dear, it would take a long time to expose to the inhabitants of London the "ten thousand a year" ways in which they are cheated; but I must take breath now and then, so as neither to overdo the thing nor do it inefficiently. Though I deal in anonymous names and generalities, to be of real benefit my statements must all be certain and authenticated facts.*

Phi. I would not conceal the names of rogues, who deserve to be held up to public indignation.

Aunt M. True, my love, stern justice may speak thus; but as my object is to do good, and guard you against injurious practices, which are not individual, but almost universal, I think I may attain my purposes better by not being personal. The galled jades will wince, though I only swing my whip in the air.

Pri. Aunt Margery knows best, Phil; leave it to her.

Aunt M. Thank you; and, as I am indisposed to take up any important necessary or luxury this week, suppose I tell you a story how Diamond-trees grow.

Phi. Diamond-trees, indeed, who ever saw one?

Aunt M. I have, and such as never grew in India, Borneo, or Brazil: a genuine Cockney-grown tree!

Phi. Like the Irish gentleman's anchovies in the West Indies, which he shot his friend for doubting; and, just as he fell, remembered that he meant capers!

Aunt M. No such thing; but listen. Diamonds augment immensely in value as they increase in weight. Thus a fine brilliant of 1 carat is probably worth 8*l.* or 9*l.*—of 2 carats its price would be about 30*l.*—of 3 carats 70*l.* or 80*l.*—of 4 carats 130*l.*—of 5 carats (rather uncommon in the trade) the cost might be 200*l.*—and so on till you arrive at a weight the value of which is altogether adventitious, it may be one, five, ten, or unaccountable thousands of pounds.

Pri. How much are the heaviest?

Aunt M. That belonging to the Emperor of the Brazils (from which country the greatest quantity is imported) is said to be the largest in the world: it is uncut, weighs 1680 carats, and, according to jewellers' estimate, would be worth above five millions and a half sterling. The Emperor of Russia has one, which, according to the same rule, is of the value of 4,800,000*l.*; but few people are likely to buy such articles.

Phi. I should think not; but what capital apples they would be on the tree!

Aunt M. Well, if the tree flourished long enough, it ought to bear such fruit.

Pri. How?

Aunt M. When a working jeweller begins the cultivation of a Diamond-tree, he has by him a number of small particles called sparks, and the chips taken off in cutting brilliants from the rough stone. In the course of his employment he is entrusted with a parcel of diamonds to set, which are a little larger than his sparks or chips, which he accordingly sub-

stitutes for the former, and thus becomes the proprietor of more expensive property. Business proceeds, and he gets still larger and larger stones to set, and by ever putting the smaller in the place of these larger, he rises into the possession of a tree, from the original seeds; but now, as occasions have offered, bearing on its lower branches diamonds of three carats, a little higher up of two, higher still of one carat, and the top boughs beautifully sprinkled with sparkling gems of Golconda from one grain and upwards!

Phi. What roguery!

Aunt M. Yes: I was told of a "very respectable," and certainly a wealthy jeweller, who, by this means alone, independent of other tricks of the trade,—such as changing stones, putting table or rose-diamonds into settings as brilliants, and two or three like contrivances,—had mounted in ten years from being a journeyman to the rank of a 30,000 pounder! What think ye of Diamond-trees?

Pri. Oh, they are excellent. I only wish I had one of them!

Aunt M. (glancing as usual over the paper.) Bless me, here is another illustration of my exposures! Candles; and brought very properly to trial before that worthy and sagacious police magistrate, Mr. Hard-Wick. I have thought of candles; but this information before him beats even my information on the frauds.

Pri. And *Phi.* What is it? what is it?

Aunt M. A gentleman's under-butler has been taken before his worship, having been detected in selling boxes of candles, whole and half-burnt, to a chandler in St. Martin's Lane. Their first price was 2*s.* 2*d.* or 2*s.* 4*d.*; and the butler re-sold them at 9*d.* or 10*d.* per lb.

Phi. Yes; but they had been half-burnt?

Aunt M. Many, no doubt, had been lighted, which is in itself a common deception, as you may notice in hundreds of London shop-windows; but they are lighted by the shop-keepers themselves.

Pri. Surely they would lose by that!

Aunt M. Not a farthing in 20 lbs. The wick is merely blackened, and the other end pared off into the melting-pots, and then they are exhibited as best wax candles from the royal palaces, or some other almost royal residence.

Phi. I have seen the royal candle-ends with my own eyes delivered at the shop-doors, from boxes with royal arms.

Aunt M. And so have I; but that is all to aid imposition. The candles so vamped are of inferior materials; the inner part being one of several mixtures, which I shall hereafter explain to you, and only the outer casing of wax.

I have found them so little combined, that I could push the interior small compound, $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch in diameter, out of its real wax wrapper, and make the latter like the tube of a —

Phi. Pea-shooter.

Aunt M. Exactly! And then the parings! Do you know there are but three houses in the wax-trade who supply royalty; and in these economic days, they receive back the mass of the fragments (not the far-gone bits), and pay half-price for it to re-melt; and as for scraping the ends to fit them for chandeliers and candlesticks, the lord steward would speedily dismiss the officer or menial who dared to venture on such a prerequisite. Whenever you see such, be aware that they are unacquainted with a palace.

Pri. Did Mr. Hard-Wick find this out?

Aunt M. No, my dear; but when the master chandler came before him respecting the charge against his servant for purchasing the butler's ware, he frankly told the magistrate about some of the practices of the trade, which he at last

* The concluding passage is not very clear; but we daresay the correspondent means all right.

* Any information communicating such facts, the strict truth of which can be relied upon, will be thankfully received for Mrs. Peepin at the *Literary Gazette* office.—Ed.

deemed worthy of public exposure. He said he was sorry to say that many persons who called themselves respectable oilmen and wax-chandlers encouraged servants to rob their masters, and mentioned the names of several highly respectable tradesmen who did so. As they, however, did, he was obliged to do the same, and had been in the habit of doing so ever since he was an apprentice. He could assure gentlemen that if they would take these affairs into their own hands, they would save from 50 to 75 per cent in candles and oil alone. He was now prepared to state a case in which a butler had robbed his master to the amount of 75 per cent upon the article of sperm oil alone. After some farther agreeable chat, he repeated, that if he did not buy from servants, like the rest, he might shut up shop directly, as he should be ruined were he not to comply with the custom of the trade.

Phi. If gentlemen will let their under-butlers be their under-sellers also, they must lose by it, of course.

Anst M. Sly boots! But it is not a subject to make light of.

VARIETIES.

Waterloo Panorama.—We are sorry to see this national panorama announced as about to close: we presume it has answered Mr. Burford's purpose, as the battle itself did the Duke of Wellington's.

Free Hospital.—This excellent charity has, we observe, been moved into more spacious and suitable quarters; and earnestly do we hope (knowing how well it is conducted, and how much good it does) that the more ample and merited support of the benevolent will follow it to its new locality.

Journeyman Bookbinders and the British and Foreign Bible Society.—In the dispute between these two parties, to which we alluded last week, the bookbinders accuse the committee of the society with lowering the prices of their Bibles, so as to "undersell every other trader in the market;" but instead of supporting this reduction out of their own ample revenue, effecting their object by lowering the wages paid for the binders' labours nearly one-half. This they assert to be grinding the faces of the poor, and treating the labourer as if unworthy of his hire; contrary to the precepts of the holy volume so produced, and with a profit to the society, instead of being purely adapted to its professed purpose, the cheap circulation of the Scriptures. Such is the statement on the one side. What the calculations and economies on the other side are, we have no means of knowing; but surely it is hardly a time to lower the wages of artisans, and especially by a body supported by the public. In short, such a system as this (if truly described) is most oppressive, and ought not to be endured. The best-employed and best-paid workmen have, God knows, little enough to live upon; but for a wealthy society (sustained by well-meaning subscriptions) to reduce its wages to a minimum, by which nature could not be supported, is to add seriously to individual, family, and national evils, drive an injurious and dishonourable trade for profit, and fill the workhouses with honest and willing labourers.

Literary, &c. Distinctions.—We have read with sincere gratification in the newspapers, that the King of Greece has conferred the national order of the country on Mr. Emerson Tennent, as an acknowledgment of his literary and other services when travelling there. *Pall-mum qui meruit ferat*, is a just motto; and we

rejoice also that our much-esteemed compatriot has, for his able and efficient labours in the cause of the copyright in designs, been voted a handsome piece of plate by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. We have seen the central design by Mr. Cotterill, and been much pleased with it. The design is a palm-tree in the desert, under which reclines an Arab with a beautiful mare and foal, for which a trader is tempting him with arms, merchandise, and money; but all in vain, the Arab will not sell his precious property.

Col. Stoddart and Capt. Conolly.—A sad rumour has reached England, and too apparently true, that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly (the Asiatic traveller) have been judicially murdered as spies by the jealous government of Bokhara.

Mesmerism Triumphant.—At a late meeting of Mesmeric authorities (as reported in the *Medical Times*) it was stated by Dr. Elliottson, the president, that the "Duke of Marlborough had informed him, in a letter from Ireland, that, whilst at the Marquis of Ely's seat in that country, and strolling out in the morning, he came upon a very ferocious dog, chained in a farmyard. His grace durst not approach this brute, but, standing at a respectful distance, mesmerised him; and, going up, actually embraced the sleeping brute. The dog remained in the sleep for thirty minutes." The old proverb tells us "it is better to let sleeping dogs lie;" and so we do.

A great Blow-up.—A most extraordinary explosion of gunpowder was applied on Thursday for the removal of the Round Down Cliff, between Folkstone and Dover, in order to complete the railway in that direction. By an admirably exact philosophical application, three chambers under the cliff, in which were deposited 18,000 lbs. of powder, were fired simultaneously, and the mighty mass of chalk was launched into the sea. It seemed as if moved on rollers, and took four or five minutes in descending. It is calculated that about 200,000 tons of chalk were thus quietly displaced.

American Periodicals.—There are frequently facetious notices to their subscribers in the American periodicals; of which the last *Knickerbocker*, New York magazine, one of the best literary monthlies, affords an amusing example in the following words:—"The editor for himself claims only to have used the most unceasing exertion (during hours, too often, when his readers were enjoying that repose which his never-ending, still-beginning labours denied to him), to present a monthly *mélange* which should not fail to interest, instruct, and amuse. How far he has succeeded, he leaves for his readers to say. It is only necessary to add, that, under these circumstances, the proprietors claim of all the subscribers to the work a prompt fulfilment of their part of the contract. Our circulation undergoes no diminution, but, on the contrary, is steadily increasing. We ask not so much for 'patronage' (though if every reader who loves the 'OLD KNICK' would make a friend 'enjoy the same blessing,' it would be pleasant to all parties), as for our pay—for harder labour than any mechanic ever wrought at in this country. Surely we shall not make this appeal in vain. Surely our delinquent subscribers will render us that 'justice, though slow,' which is said always to overtake the undeserving, and which as certainly ought to be meted out to those who deserve well of their friends! Howbeit, if this appeal is not heeded, those who shall continue wilfully to wrong the proprietors will infallibly have the pleasure of seeing their names in full in a 'LIST OF DEFAULTERS' to the work, as a warning to our

contemporaries. The necessity for this course is imperative upon the publishers, in justice as well to themselves as to those who pay promptly." In another part the plaintive (or plaintiff) declares that the doubtful debts in two years exceed "five thousand dollars," and earnestly exhorts the defaulters to pay in, because (the address continues) "we assure them that we and those in our employment, and those dependent upon us, are in want of a great many things which can neither be begged nor borrowed; we feel hungry two or three times a day, and know of no remedy for that disease but eating; we are sensitive to winter's cold and summer's heat, and must have shelter, raiment, and fuel, to say nothing of various artificial wants which civilization engenders and converts into necessities. Nor shall we feel the least 'hurt,' or suffer any uneasiness from wounded feeling, if our friends insist upon paying us for the monthly entertainment which we supply to them. Indeed, we shall receive such tributes with great thankfulness of spirit, and be much comforted and refreshed thereby. If they have any dainty scruples on this point, we beg them to dismiss them,—there need be no ceremony among friends. Plainness of speech and directness of conduct are especially commendable in such relations. They need not have recourse to any of those delicate artifices or ingenious manoeuvres by which to sensitive natures the weight of obligation is lessened. We care not how many people are present when we receive our honorarium; we do not insist on having it stealthily conveyed to us under the table, or smuggled between the leaves of a book. We could bear even to see a bank-note (supposing the bank to be solvent) a little fluttered in the air, or to hear a gold-piece ring loudly upon the counter. Our nerves would be proof against even these shocks."

The Culture of the Truffle.—The *Paris, French Journal*, states that a farmer at Dodogne has succeeded in cultivating truffles like any other vegetable, by planting them under the shade of a particular kind of oak. He is said to have sold his crop last year to the tune of 100,000 francs; which he this year expects to double. What are "Hearts of Oak," or Norfolk Turkeys? he may sing Truffles of Oak, and *Dindons aux Truffles* for ever.

A New Pleasure.—At one of the recent public meetings, so common now when every class has become legislative, it was "Resolved, That the great majority of the people were in a state of unexampled destitution and unparalleled suffering." Upon which the Rev. Mr. . . . rose and said, "I have very great pleasure in seconding this resolution." Report in all the newspapers last week.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

New Holland: its Colonisation, Productions, and Resources, by T. Bartlett, Assistant-Surgeon, p. 8vo, 7s. 6d.—The Report of the South Shields Committee appointed to Investigate the Causes of Accidents in Coal-Mines, fol. 5s.—A Course of Three Lectures on the History of Poland, by Lieut. J. F. Gomozynski, 8vo, 3s. 6d.—Reeve's Conchologia Systematica, Part XII. (completing the Work), 4to, 12s. plain; 3s. coloured.—The Seaman's Arithmetic, by J. Martin, 18mo, 2s. 6d.—The Revelation of St. John, Literal and Future, by the Rev. R. Govett, Jun., 12mo, 6s. 6d.—Witnesses for the Truth in the Church of Scotland, 4to, 5s.—Lectures on Popery, by the Rev. J. Owen, 12mo, 3s.—The Churchman's Monthly Review for 1842, 8vo, 18s.—Ireland: its Scenery, Character, &c., by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Vol. II. imp, 8vo, 12s. 6d.—Easy Lessons for Translating English into French, by C. Gerrard, 12mo, 4s. 6d.—Englishman's Library, Vol. XXIV. Church Clavering, or the Schoolmaster, by the Rev. W. Gresley, fcp, 4s.—Church Poetry, or Christian Thoughts, 18mo, 4s.—Outlines of Pathology and Practice of Medicine, by W. P. Alison, M.D.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1843.

Jan.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . 19	From 30 to 48	30.35 to 30.39
Friday . . . 20	" 30 . . 41	30.20 . . 30.04
Saturday . . 21	" 31 . . 35	29.93 . . 29.94
Sunday . . . 22	" 30 . . 43	29.95 . . 29.94
Monday . . . 23	" 38 . . 46	29.95 . . 29.96
Tuesday . . 24	" 40 . . 47	29.81 stationary.
Wednesday . 25	" 40 . . 48	29.91 . . 29.98

Wind S.W. on the 19th, E. by N. on the 20th, E. by S. and S. on the 21st, S. by E. on the 22d, S. and S. by E. on the 23d, S. on the 24th and 25th. Except on the morning of the 23d and the 25th generally overcast; a dense fog during the morning of the 19th.

The Barometer.—The very low state of this instrument, noticed in the last No. of the Literary Gazette, appears to have been equalled in many places; and even a lower register has been in some cases, viz. at the Observatory at Cambridge, about the same time, 1 h. 35 min. P.M., it was 28 inches 13 hundredths; and at Swaffham Bulbeck, 25 minutes later, or at 2 P.M., the barometer attained its minimum there, 28 inches 14 hundredths—a difference probably due to difference in the level. Some have asked, if the barometer has ever been observed so low in this island near the level of the sea. I find in my own Journal, that on the 24th of Dec. 1821 (see Literary Gazette, No. 258, p. 831), at 10 h. 30 min. P.M., when the wind was blowing almost a hurricane from the S.W., the barometer was 28.06, being 16 hundredths of an inch lower than we registered on the 13th inst. The Rev. J. Hailstone, in a paper, which will be found in the first volume of the Cambridge Philosophical Society's mentions that his barometer at Trumpington was as low as 28 inches exactly. Several letters from various parts, both in this country and on the continent, appeared shortly afterwards in the Times, recording most disastrous gales, &c.: in one we read that at Frankfurt the barometer on the same night (Dec. 24, 1821) was as low as 26 inches 6 lines!

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude, 51° 37' 33" north.

Longitude, 3 51 west of Greenwich.

* * Any further communications would be very interesting.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * We beg to point attention to the abstract of a long and interesting paper, in our Paris Letter, on very novel and curious experiments on animal physics, and touching the health of the human species.

S—n requires considerable verbal and rhythmical polish.

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